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VOLUME IV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1852. NUMBER 173.

THE INDEPENDENT.

CONDUCTED BY PASTORS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

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The BOSTON OFFICE of *The Independent* is at the Literary agency of G. W. LIGHT, No. 3 Cornhill.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The editors of this journal are LEONARD BACON, and JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. The immediate Editorial supervision is committed to Mr. Thompson.

The Editors will be aided, also, in their consultations by the Rev. R. S. STORRS, Jun.; who will continue to contribute to the literary and other departments of the paper, over his own signature, (S.)

The Assistant Editor is Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT.

Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., (C.) and Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, (✻) are enlisted as stated contributors.

For the Independent.

CONGREGATIONALISTS EMIGRATING WEST.

New England, and especially little Connecticut, is truly said to be a hive for the nation, if not for the world. The people of a healthy, vigorous, hardy clime, like to that of their Saxon ancestors in old Scythia, like to that indeed of Noah on Ararat, and, too, of Adam in Eden—interesting coincidences! The people of New England themselves, and in their ancestors back to the first ages of the world, always resident in the best zone for development, for vigor, for enterprise and adventure, emigrate to these western lands. And they come trained under a system of government and religion the best calculated to energize and inspire them for endeavor and achievement. Their nature is expansion, and their force is equal to their designs. At home active, ever busy in elevating humanity and in blessing and ennobling the State, they find out channels for the communication of their munificence abroad—for the relief of their swelling hearts. Prone to do good, they have been wise to devise the most efficient mediums—the A. B. C. F. M. and the A. H. M. Society, for example—two most noble institutions. The West, not only, but the world at large, is more extensively indebted to New England, than want of reflection certainly, if not even the knowledge of some persons, expresses or admits. And New England in turn is in her people, in the State, in business, in enterprise and in the power of accomplishment, what she is, from the genius of her Congregationalism in the church. Yes, *her* Congregationalism: for it is her proper child, or rather, in truth, her *parent*; for again (and I have the great Apostle as an example for *fons*:) for I say Congregationalism in the Mayflower originated the State, and on land made New England, as a people, as a nation, as a civil government. *The child* then nourishes the father. And may the time never come in that land when the child shall disown the father, or even treat him contemptuously.

Now the Congregationalists of that happy land, as it is their privilege, nay, their duty to do, emigrate West: and they come, we should hope, to do good, the utmost good, like to those of their beloved fatherland. And how can they do this good, and thus honor the country of their birth, the memory of their sires? By remaining Congregationalists, or by changing their principles and becoming Presbyterians?

Whatever may have been deemed necessary or even expedient in the early history of the West, where many accommodations were made, and the Plan of Union was formed, mainly, be it now remembered, to the decided advantage of the Presbyterian body, notwithstanding they have suffered an exscision as a consequence, ostensibly; whatever now even may be best in some places, as where only one church can be sustained, and the Presbyterians constitute the majority and the influence; it may be asked, What should be done where Congregationalists, being the majority in a place, can form a church of their own order? As, if a second question be answered, this will readily fall into the category, I will then ask, What should be done where two churches, Presbyterian and Congregational, exist, or even can be formed and sustained? What is the *duty* of New England Congregationalists coming West in such case? To answer the question effectively it will be necessary to give the construction of Presbyterianism. And, not to describe that of grades of courts, from the Session up through the Presbytery and Synod to the General Assembly, and the complication and friction of all this cumbrous machinery, let a simple view of the workings of the Session in the church be presented; and let it be seen how diverse this is from pure New England Congregationalism.

Nearly all the church business is done by the Session: such as ruling; hiring ministers and almost settling and unsettling them sometimes; receiving, disciplining and expelling members; devising and executing plans—the church, if this fall into the plan, being used as an instrument, a tool, holding prayer-meetings, and praying and talking in the same, holding the power, too, of saying who may and who may not pray or speak in such meetings, and many times using this power: and doing other like things of themselves and by themselves, or, so much so sometimes that the church as a body do not know what is next to be done, what is now doing, or even what has been done. The members of the church, out of the Session, are mainly to come and to go, to do this or that, to give and to be used, as a few others list. This is no caricature, at least as applied to some churches well known. And a *Session*, of certain materials, is a dreaded body of men: while in other instances it is an incubus on the vitals of the church. But to speak only of the *system:* How can a New England Congregationalist *work* in such a church? The frame-work, the action, the genius is all different from that in which he has been trained from his infancy. He cannot work in it. He may for a season act as far as he can in the good old way of his fathers, but a marked preference to the eldership, or some unmistakable hint, will ere long put him with those that entered the church before him—on the shelf. The next Congregationalist coming in is served in the same way, and the next. And henceforward they are, measurably, but mere tools, to be used, in person or purse, as occasion or convenience may require. The writer knows what he says; Congregationalists in that church are competent witnesses.

How different is all this from the structure, the working, the genius, and the blessed developments of pure Congregationalism in New England! And all Congregationalists emigrating West should come with their eyes open: and arriving, beware lest by art they are brought into a position where many a one has groaned, desiring deliverance from such influences. Let them be true to the principles of their fathers, and enter and sustain the Congregational church, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the highest good to the world. GNOMON.

Michigan.

THE ART OF RISING.

One of the older essayists has a chapter on the *Art of Rising*. Our Episcopal friends not unfrequently manifest considerable acquaintance with this art. From very humble beginnings they acquire with great rapidity a very noticeable elevation, in their own opinion, if not in that of others. Given a sufficient force of wind and a proper ecclesiastical preparation, and their kite will go up like any boy's in a spring afternoon.

A very good illustration of this accomplishment is found in an article in a recent number of the *Calendar*. The writer is giving an account of the consecration of a new church in the diocese of ——. Among other things he undertakes a description of the edifice, for with these folks a description of the building is as important as any account of what is done in it. In these ecclesiological days the altar cloth, its shape and color, are only second in importance to the sacrifice offered upon the altar. We are somewhat prepared therefore to find the writer proceeding as follows. (Let the reader take in a long breath and be patient.)

"The chancel is of two bays, with well-proportioned eastern triplet, and one lancet on the north and another on the south side of the sanctuary. The altar is elevated on its dais. On the north is a good bishop's chair, and near it a low prothesis, having over it a small aumbry, built in the thickest of the wall. On the south side of the altar in the corner is a small piscina and three sedilia. The choir has a priest's door on the south side between the sanctuary and stalls. Just opposite on the north side, is the door from the sacristy. The choir has six stalls on either side, and litany stool in the center. The chancel is separated from the nave by a very good rood-screen, of early middle pointed, composed of three large trefoiled arches. The choir is two steps higher than the nave, and the sanctuary two higher than the choir. A triangular buttress lectern stands just outside the screen, a little to the northward. The nave is of five bays, each of which is lighted by a lancet-couplet except the second on the south side, which is occupied by the door. The west end has also a pair of long lancet-couplets, with a circle in the gable."

It would be amusing to be near some plain farmer-subscriber to the *Calendar*, while reading the above. "Two bays," says he, "what are they? A man who drives a span of horses sometimes speaks of his 'two bays.' And then we have in our barns what we call bays, to put hay in. I wonder if they have such things in that new church. And then 'lancets:' I always supposed the doctors carried them in their pockets. Then 'prothesis,' and 'aumbry,' and 'piscina,' and 'sedilia:' a strange sort of a church that new one must be. Then, too, there are six *stalls* on each side of the choir. There comes the barn language again. But then comes 'rood-screen' and 'lectern.' Really I should like to know what all this means: it's all Hebrew and Greek to me." And so the old gentleman, who is more versed in stables and horses than in *ecclesiology*, goes on, until perhaps he cuts the knot of his perplexity by saying "that's high-churchism;" wherein he would not be far out of the way.

But, more seriously, what will any intelligent, unprejudiced man say to this high-flying ecclesiastical talk when he is told that the above description applies not to any cathedral or metropolitan church erected by a munificence careless of expense, but to a little building situated near the line of the New York and New Haven railroad, a building so little, indeed, that he might pass it a dozen times without observing it! One is reminded of the fable of the ox and the fly. What a great sensation this little affair of a church is expected to make in our big world! Why, there are three or four churches in the same village with it and within the sight of it, to either of which it is hardly large enough to serve as a lecture-room! Is not this, then, a specimen of the art of rising? We advise any who would like to see this newly consecrated edifice to take their opera-glasses when next they pass along the railroad and keep a sharp look-out when they are about ten miles this side of New Haven.

There is just one good thing about this church, however, which the writer above alluded to has not mentioned, that ought not to be unnoticed. The building, small as it is and insignificant, is constructed of stone throughout, even to the top of the spire. This is creditable and worthy of being imitated. Would that all denominations of Christians would consider how eminently appropriate it is that the temple of the eternal Jehovah, the house which is built for no present purpose alone but for the continued worship of God generation after generation, should be built of some material more enduring and more significative of permanence than lath and clapboards. Our country villages might all have their neat and lasting houses of worship, built of the stones which now cumber the fields, and which should be hallowed by the associations that would cluster around the place where generation after generation, the voice of prayer and praise had ascended to heaven, instead of those half-painted, half-decayed, crazy and comfortless and undevotional structures which now too often meet the eye. N. H. E.

FROM OUR DOWN-EAST CORRESPONDENT.

BANGOR, March 16, 1852

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice that there has been something like alarm abroad, in consequence of "a large petition" to our Legislature from the town of South Berwick, for the repeal of the liquor law. This is referred to "as the first re-active movement" in relation to the subject that has taken place in the State. For the encouragement of our friends abroad, we can tell them that there has been a counter-active movement to this reactive one. The said petition of one hundred and ten for repeal, was speedily followed by another petition from the same place, signed by more than two hundred *against repeal*; showing that in South Berwick there are nearly two to one for the law. The town elections, where this has been the question, so far as we have heard, have gone bravely for the law. The shifts and contrivances for securing a pass to the "good creature" are sometimes amusing: sometimes not so much so. The project of loading a coffin with it, was rather significant, as then the spirit, could it avail itself of the rapping privilege, might say—drink me, and you shall sooner come to the same narrow inclosure. The device also of putting it in blacking bottles, and labelling it as veritable Day & Martin's, was not wide of the mark, inasmuch as it is an indelibly blacking article—having power to bring dimness and soot and very blackness upon the character and soul itself. If not the drinker, the dealer, is apt to get fearfully blighted and blackened by it.

The mercantile course of lectures is now finished. The eleventh of the course was given by Rev. T. S. King, of Boston, on Substance and Show, or Facts and Forces. Mere substance or matter is not a force; no force in outward material things as such; but only in the subtle, invisible influence which holds them together. An idea is force—character is force. Mr. King's power or force seems to lie very much in great fertility of illustration—the power of presenting a thought in a great variety of attitudes and dresses, and some of the dresses not a little sparkling. This peculiar gift and style, connected with a voice of unusual capacity, gives to the lecturer a strongly attracting *force*, when announced as a speaker to the people. Profound thought or severe logic are not amongst Mr. King's endowments.

The last lecture was given by Rev. F. H. Hedge, of Providence, on the Spirit of Modern Civilization. The glory of our inventions was somewhat dimmed by the lecturer, and the profit of them not a little diminished. The art of printing was made of very questionable advantage. The really good books are now pretty much let alone by readers, and the trash is caught up: and the quantity of it, who can tell? If ninety-nine of every hundred books, in this age given to the world, were annilated, the world would be benefited by the destruction. The lecturer could hardly join in the lament for the burning of the library at Alexandria. Indeed he thought we were well rid of it. Modern civilization is wanting in chivalry and valor. Under this head, intervention was touched; and our national ground for non-intervention—the ground of mere policy as the way to fare well and prosper, was strongly condemned. The lecturer went for non-intervention in the affairs of Hungary, on the ground that it would do no good to that people. It needs, he said, but a glance at the map to satisfy any one that Hungary can never be an independent nation. The lecturer admitted that the world was advancing—all is tending to bring to pass "the perfect man." We should have liked it better if Christianity had been brought in as one of the agencies or forces by which this so desirable a product is to be secured. We think all other agencies and influences, this left out, are supremely powerless in bringing to pass a perfect man, or in making any approximation to it.

It was announced in the papers that Dr. Pond would deliver a discourse, on Sabbath evening, on the sin and danger of consulting with familiar spirits. This was for last Sabbath evening. The excitement around us, raised by the spirit-rappings, is very great: and this it was which led to the discourse; it being judged that a calm attempt to enlighten and warn the community could not be otherwise than beneficial. The rush to the place where the services were to be held was enormous—the place being filled to its utmost capacity, long before the hour arrived, and a company sufficient to fill the building again, went away, not able to get in. I shall not give an abstract of the discourse, which was lucid, instructive, and impressive, as I hope the author will, in some shape and soon, give it to the public. It cannot fail to do good. Prof. Pond supposes that a portion of these strange phenomena are the result of mere trick, deceptive arts; but not all. As to another portion, he thinks, there may be some thing beyond mere trick or any arts of jugglery. Admitting there is, he showed that the supposed communications received, are not from the spirits of departed friends. He showed further that if any spirits are concerned in them, they are wicked spirits—infernal spirits. But passing these, the preacher inclined to attribute all that is real in these strange affairs, to the influence of occult natural causes, perhaps electricity—some new form or development of animal magnetism. Something of this sort operating upon a peculiar and morbid nervous system. The dangers growing out of the whole matter were legitimately drawn and vividly presented.

When one perceives how effectually this new order of proceedings is, everywhere, doing the devil's work, he is strongly impelled to believe, that the devil's hand is somehow in it.

KENDUSKEAG.

For the Independent.

THE PREPONDERANCE OF FEMALES IN THE CHURCHES.

It is generally conceded that the Gospel of Christ has peculiar claims upon woman. This fact alone would account for the preponderance of females in our churches.

But this is not the only fact that bears upon the case. In accounting for this excess we are not to forget that *Woman has peculiar susceptibilities for the gospel.*

The distinction between the male and the female of our race exists quite as decidedly in their spiritual structure, as in their corporeal frames and forms. The one will ever think and reason as men, the other as women. Each sex has its peculiarities of mind—peculiarities resulting, not alone from education, but from original constitution. Each has its peculiar instincts, the development of which will give a distinctive character to the mind, however similar the training may be. When God created man, "male and female created he them." He designed them to be, not the same, but distinctively different, the one sex a compensation for the other. All the education in the world can never eradicate the distinction.

Man, it will probably be admitted, excels in purely intellectual effort; while, in all that pertains to the emotions, woman is his superior. In her "Strictures on the modern system of Female Education," Hannah More sums up the evidence of the different capacities of the sexes, in these words:—"One may venture, perhaps, to assert that women have equal parts, but are inferior in wholeness of mind, in the integral understanding; that though a superior woman may possess single faculties in equal perfection, yet there is commonly a juster proportion in the mind of a superior man; that if women have, in an equal degree, the faculty of fancy which creates images, and the faculty of memory which collects and stores ideas, they seem not to possess in equal measure the faculty of comparing, combining, analyzing, and separating these ideas; that deep and patient thinking which goes to the bottom of a subject; nor that power of arrangement which knows how to link a thousand connected ideas in one dependent train, without losing sight of the original idea out of which the rest grew, and on which they all hang. The female, too, wanting steadiness in her intellectual pursuits, is perpetually turned aside by her characteristic tastes and feelings." If it be conceded that man excels in strength of intellect it must also be conceded that to woman belongs the province of the affections.

In thus assigning to the sexes their peculiar characteristics, we presume not to settle the controversy as to the equality of the sexes. If equal in some respects, they are inferior in others. If inferior in one particular, yet in another they may be vastly superior. It is not intellect alone that makes greatness, or that distinguishes our race. The heart is something more than mere intellect. The affections, the emotions, give character to the man, and elevation in the scale of being, and not the intellect alone. The one is as necessary to a perfect character as the other. As affection without intellect is blind, so intellect without affection is dead. Both must be, and are combined in every human being, but in unequal proportions. The one sex possesses what the other lacks. The deficiency of the one is supplied by the superabundance of the other. The one, therefore, may not properly boast over the other. On the score of the affections, however, the advantage is all on the side of woman.

This admirable constitution of her nature makes woman peculiarly susceptible. "In almost all," says Mrs. More, "that comes under the description of polite letters, in all that captivates by imagery, or warms by just and affecting sentiment, women are excellent. They possess, in a high degree, that delicacy and quickness of perception, and that nice discernment between the beautiful and defective which comes under the denomination of taste. . . Women have a certain tact which often enables them to feel what is just more instantaneously than they can define it. They have an intuitive penetration into character, bestowed on them by Providence, like the sensitive and tender organs of some timid animals, as a kind of natural guard to warn of the approach of danger, beings who are often called to act defensively."

The emotions of woman are far more easily excited than man's. Her sensibilities are more keen. Her susceptibilities are more delicate. She is more open to impressions of friendship, gratitude and love. Her heart is naturally more soft and flexible. Her perceptions are more quick and sensitive. She is more impressible than man.

This constitution renders her more alive to the attractions of the Gospel of Christ. We must never forget that the Gospel makes its appeal, not only to the intellect but to the heart. In determining the claims of the Son of Mary, the heart must sit in judgment by the side of the understanding. A correct conclusion in relation to the Christian religion can never be formed by the operations of an unfeeling intellect. This experiment has been thoroughly tested by the Rationalists of Germany, and their admirers in America. It is the heart that is disordered, and that is to be healed. The fears and hopes, the desires, the pains, the pleasures, the joys, the griefs of the heart are all to be understood, and the adaptations of the gospel to meet these wants of the heart to be considered. The appeal is to be made to our moral consciousness, our sensibilities, and our daily experience. In all such appeals the heart must act and determine. In these respects woman is more susceptible than man.

The great law of the Gospel, moreover, is love. The God of the Bible is a God of love. The mission of the Messiah is a mission of love. The atonement of Christ is peculiarly and emphatically an act, in fulfillment of a purpose, of infinite love. The personal character of the great Mediator, as presented in the prophecies and evangelical memoirs, is so beautiful, so perfect, so grand, and incomparable, as mightily to call into exercise the tender affections. He is "the chiefest among ten thousand,"—"yea, he is altogether lovely," every way fitted to inspire the beholder with heavenly enraptured love. In a word, both the law and the gospel are fulfilled in one word—Love.

Let it now be borne in mind, that, in the language of one of her sex, "the whole law of woman's life is a law of love." Hers is not a heart of adamant. With such a constitution, and educated ordinarily in such a manner as to quicken and develop her native susceptibilities, it is surely no matter of wonder that woman is moved by the words of kindness and the proffers of love that fall upon her ear from the cross of Christ. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." While man in his haughtiness and coldness turns away from the calls of a crucified Redeemer, and bars his heart against the appeals of the Gospel, woman looks with pity and compassion on her bleeding Lord, and opens her heart to receive the "rejected of men." In the religion of Christ she finds that which is, in the highest and noblest degree, adapted to call into exercise her glowing emotions, to engage her deepest interest, and to draw forth her gushing affections. The gospel satisfies, as nothing else can, the peculiar wants of her susceptible nature. Strange it would be if she did not love it.

The argument is not exhausted, and may yet be presented in another form.

For the Independent.

CENTERS OF LIBERTY—POLITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—One of your correspondents not long since commented on the application of some of the principles enunciated by KOSSUTH, to the subject of RELIGIOUS and ECCLESIASTICAL LIBERTY. Can any son of the Pilgrims have read the speeches of that extraordinary man, and not have felt their coincidence with the principles propounded, vindicated, and established in church and state by our fathers? "The disease of Europe is centralization." So they thought when they left Europe behind them. Both as Christians and as freemen they felt constrained to build a new society upon this basis and no other: "the great principle of municipal self-government—without which, as opposed to centralization—there is no practical freedom possible."* Therefore their "town-meetings" grew out of their "church-meetings." Therefore they constructed their church organizations on the same principle of Kossuth, as expressed in his speech at Winchester: "He had always through life," he said, "advocated the principle of communities being founded on the principle of families, no one having a right to interfere in their private affairs, provided they did not offend others." The great Hungarian often expresses an intense conviction of the necessity of guarding the liberty of *communes* from all infraction, in order to the liberty of the nation which they compose. A similar conviction was deep and burning in the souls of the Pilgrims. Some believed then and some believe still in liberty as belonging to nations rather than to local communities: independence without, power, restraint, dependence, oppression within. Some theories of ecclesiastical freedom amount to the same thing. All such theories our fathers discarded in logic and practice. They believed in liberty founded on liberty; the national on the commercial, municipal or local,—that of the churches at large on that of the churches individually. The principle is simply that of the right of all to control and order their own affairs, thoroughly and legitimately carried out. There is one great tendency in history, which is to establish centers of power.† There is another, which is to multiply *centers of liberty*. In the latter consists the impulse which New England has given to History. *From their religious system they excluded power entirely.* They did not believe in it; they would have nothing to do with it. They believed its whole and sole tendency was to centralization, and that continually. Nothing could make them consent either to exercise or endure power. To it they "gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour." They would not trust any human hands with it. Every church-meeting, and therefore every town-meeting, was a center of liberty. Every body of men, political or religious, which could assemble, and by common vote do its own business, was to do so. When a body became too large for the common assembly (the "meeting") and the common vote, it was to be divided. Some things might be delegated to committees, representatives, &c.—but delegation of power was, in their view, the surrender of responsibility and liberty. Therefore their organization had so little of organization about it. Orders, ranks, defined and adjusted spheres, co-ordinate and subordinate powers there was no place for. In the church of Christ there is but one sphere,—they held,—that of Christian freemen, holding an equal, common, unassignable responsibility. Even such restricted, intrusted, representative power as they admitted in civil affairs, they would not admit in affairs ecclesiastical. They would have as little of it as possible even in the state, and that held for the shortest possible term, constantly surrendered to and emanating anew from the people, and held, in the most complete sense, at their will. They would have none of it in the churches. Its pressure they had *felt* and *weighed*. No permanent ecumenical, national, or state bodies—all bodies ecclesiastical reconstituted for the time by the churches,—no standing representatives or committees, only "messengers" and agents "of the churches" to express and do their will on occasion: this was their system in its purity. The point where their political system diverged from their ecclesiastical, was the point of essential and necessary difference between civil and religious affairs. In the former there are general material interests, affecting large regions of country from which there cannot be gathered a common assembly of the people to vote and act. Hence town representatives, senators, members of Congress, &c. There are no such interests, requiring such assemblies and action and authority in the affairs of religion. Therefore there was really no divergence; they had but one system; viz., no interference or control in matters belonging to individuals and communities or bodies of men; concurrent action or delegated responsibility control only where there are joint interests which require a measure of power. Every settlement and church had exclusively to do, in what were properly *its own* affairs. It was a center of liberty as much as an individual. This separates the true New England system (as often defined in *The Independent*) from every other,—town organizations from the county organizations of the South, as well as from others more absolutistical,—Congregational churches from *governed* churches of all grades—from those controlled by committees and sessions as well as from those controlled by priests. A vestry or session is a center of power; a church, orderly assembled, deciding all its internal affairs and relations by simple and common vote, is a center of liberty.

MATHER.

* Kossuth at Cleveland.

† When the local or subordinate centers of power are absorbed by or entirely dependent on the supreme one, the system is absolutism or centralization in its last form. Louis Napoleon has introduced no new system into France; he has only made the centralization which has always been "the disease" of its politics more complete. All governments which establish centers of power are to be classified on one scale, that of degrees.

For the Independent.

EXEGETICAL.

2 Tim. 3: 18, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

This is a very important passage in reference to the inspiration of the Bible, inasmuch as it contains not only the term *theopneusty*, or divine inspiration, but also the idea or conception.

Although there is some variety of explanation given to this verse, yet on any plausible interpretation it remains a proof-text or classical passage in all discussions of the doctrine of inspiration.

By the term *scripture* we are to understand *the holy scriptures*, a definite class of writings, well known to the Jews: in which we are told in the preceding verse that Timothy had been instructed from a child. We learn from Josephus, the Jewish historian, that such writings existed, and also what they were. They were what we call *the Old Testament*. Whether the term scripture includes also any portion of the writings of the New Testament is entirely uncertain. But from the providence of God for the preservation of the Old Testament, we may fairly infer a similar providence for the New Testament.

According to the usual translation of this verse, the divine inspiration of these scriptures is directly affirmed. The original Greek, however, permits another rendering: "All scripture given by inspiration of God is also profitable for doctrine," &c. In this case the inspiration of the Jewish scriptures is assumed instead of being directly affirmed. But the fact of inspiration remains the same.

Although the exact nature of the theopneusty or divine inspiration is not defined, yet thus much is certain: 1. That these writings, in the view of the apostle, differed from all ordinary writings; 2. That in consequence of divine inspiration they were "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; and were profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" 3. That they were inspired in such a sense as to be authoritative; for the sacred writers constantly quote them as such, and declarations of scripture are ascribed to God or the Spirit; and 4. That they were inspired in the sense in which the Jews already regarded them, and in which Timothy had been taught to receive them, for otherwise the language would have been calculated to mislead.

2 Pet. 1: 21, "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

This passage, next to 2 Tim. 3: 16, is perhaps the most important one relating to the doctrine of inspiration, especially of the Old Testament. The following remarks naturally arise from a careful perusal of it.

1. The nature of inspiration, whether in a spoken or written communication, seems here to be accurately described. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," that is, the prophets themselves speak, while yet they are moved by the Holy Ghost. So by analogy, the prophets themselves write, while yet they are moved by the Holy Ghost.

2. The inspiration here spoken of by Peter, extends to what is written, as well as to what is spoken; for he had spoken in verse 19 of the *words of prophecy* as existing objectively, and in verse 20 he speaks of the *prophecy of scripture* or written scripture.

3. As all the writers of the Old Testament are called *prophets*, and their writings *prophecies*, in the Hebrew acceptation of these terms, there is no reason for restricting the language of the apostle to predictions merely, but it may be fairly understood as applying to the whole Old Testament. G.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLAND, March 1, 1852.

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD—IRELAND IN THE UNITED STATES.

A certain amount of eccentricity, and of self-contradiction, is always allowed to Irishmen; but just now these characteristics are exhibited to a degree which is scarcely credible, and in a form which would almost make the best friend of Ireland despair of its welfare. Denunciations of Kossuth appear side by side with praises of the Prince-President of France. Lord John Russell is assailed with incredible violence as the bitter persecutor of the Catholics, because he resisted the assumption of territorial titles by Catholic priests in Protestant England; and this is done by furious Catholics in the name and for the cause of "religious liberty;" at the same time the progress of a Protestant reformation in Ireland calls forth the fiercest denunciations of Protestant missionaries and Scripture readers, from Catholic bishops and priests, and the Catholic press. Dr. MacHale writes a letter to Lord John Russell, in which the Reformation is denounced as "a nuisance," which ought to be abated; and the missionaries and readers are described as "a horde of lying impostors," from whom the Catholic clergy and people ought to be protected!

So full of blind passion against Lord John Russell were the priests, that the liberal Irish members have been called upon to vote against his measures, right or wrong, simply on the ground of the Ecclesiastical Titles bill; and some Irish representatives who could not recognise this priestly rule of action, have been denounced and proscribed in the Dublin *Telegraph*, in which they have been reminded that they "owed their parliamentary position to dignitaries of the Catholic Church." To such a pitch has this blind hostility been carried, that the *Dublin Freeman* hailed the advent to power of the hereditary enemies of Ireland and of religious freedom! It did so in these terms and many more to the same purpose:

"It has come—and though it may bring months, and perhaps years, of trial and conflict for this country, we hail its arrival with joy—we gladly accept the penalty; and the country will cheerfully meet the trials it will have to endure under a Derby administration, and be borne through them all by the proud consciousness that by her have guilt, and perfidy, and treason, been signally punished. Russell has fallen, and Clarendon has fallen, as they have fallen by Irish hands."

Now, it is a fact beyond dispute, that Ireland has never had a Viceroy more enlightened, liberal, and forbearing than Lord Clarendon; and to him, mainly, it is owing that many compromised persons wholly escaped public notice, and that not one drop of blood was shed on account of the conspiracy and incipient rebellion into which poor Smith O'Brien was betrayed and then deserted.

The French government has been pointedly described, as "a despotism qualified by debauchery and religion." Every day supplies new proof of the thoroughly wicked spirit and evil conduct of the French ruler and his instruments. But Irish priests and their organs follow the priests of France and their organ, the *Univers*, in lauding the man who is polluted by personal violence and great public crimes. Yet of this wretched being the Dubl

is evening with me now. I now care for what no one else thinks of doing." To use her own expression, "I gather up the odds and ends, and keep the machine in motion. I need rest, and repose is grateful. I have laid aside my armor, and I now think more of results. My day has gone, its evening come, and it has become natural for me to think and speak more of the results of duties discharged, of actions performed, than it once was. I have for it more time, and a setting sun, you know, always invites to different thoughts and inspires far other emotions than when shining upon us with his morning beams, or throwing down upon us his meridian splendors. I feel the change. I think of heaven, and I do love to think of those who, I trust, are gathered there, of their joys, and the sources of it. Christ, of course, is the great object of attraction there; but our mental economy is wonderful, and all its laws will act there in eternal harmony, and add bliss and rapture, as I conceive, to that world. I therefore often think of the happiness of being permitted, through grace, to welcome one after another of my acquaintance and former pupils, who are now toiling in every quarter of the globe in the same glorious work with myself, to the rest of heaven. You, Mrs. W., are to leave children. In a few days you are to turn your back upon them forever. But it is a sacrifice for Christ. Few make it. Few can make it. Few can conceive of the thing as a free-will offering to God. Most would instinctively shrink from it, and shrink with shuddering. But Christ in such cases has pledged a reward, and a reward proportionably glorious. In heaven, we shall never regret any sacrifice, however painful, or labor, however protracted, made or encountered here for the cause of Christ. It will come back to us in imperishable blessings there."

It was on one of the first days of September. It had been a calm and brilliant day. The sun was setting as the interview closed and she arose to take leave. The river, from the abode in which the visit was paid, seemed to sleep. The air was soft and still; and sky and landscape in and around Springfield—always attractive and soothing when the sun sets unclouded in the summer months—for that evening's livery were arrayed in their mildest beauty and glory. The notes of the swan had broken and died away on our ears. It was her last visit.—*Memoir of Mary Lyon.*

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25.

NOTICE.—*All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of the Independent, and all communications for the paper, to the Editors.* By observing the above notice, correspondents will save much inconvenience at the office.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST JAPAN.

Public attention has been somewhat occupied, of late, with reports of a formidable naval expedition which our government is fitting out, and which is commonly said to be destined for the ports of Japan. The expedition, as all accounts agree in describing it, is to be equipped for some extraordinary service; and the people of the United States are informed by those who are supposed to have had the best opportunities of knowing the intentions of the government, that the commander of the squadron is ordered, or will be ordered, to effect an entrance into the port of Jeddo at all hazards.

We have taken no particular notice of this expedition, heretofore, because we have thought that the more intelligent portion of the public must needs understand, without any aid from us, the true source and intent of all these givings forth about an invasion of Japan. The conductors of other and more secular journals, we presume, have taken the same view, and have also been actuated by a sentiment of which we confess that we have not been altogether unconscious—a feeling of unwillingness to counteract or in any way embarrass what *may be*—and what, in the absence of all positive evidence to the contrary, we are bound to presume *is*—a lawful enterprise of our government for some just and honorable end. But after so long a time as has now elapsed since the preparations in question were commenced, we think there can be no harm in saying plainly that all these intimations about Japan are intended merely for the amusement of the public and of foreign powers, and are answering their purpose by preventing all suspicion or inquiry as to the destination of the armada which has been fitted out for some undertaking of a very serious nature.

What is the real destination of the expedition, we have no means of ascertaining and are quite unable to conjecture. It may be that some secret intelligence has been received of another French intervention in the affairs of the Sandwich Islands, and that this formidable squadron is to protect the rights of American citizens there. It may be that the government finds reason to apprehend from some quarter a piratical descent upon our Pacific coast. Having no access to the secret councils of the administration, we cannot tell what honest and honorable enterprise there may be, which the government finds itself obliged to undertake, but which must be concealed just now from public scrutiny, or what emergency may be impending for which there must be a secret but formidable preparation.

One thing however is plain enough. A warlike expedition against the Japanese empire—such as the expedition now on foot is commonly reported to be—would be nothing less than a stupendous act of national villany. If the two houses of Congress could be brought to authorize the expedition by a declaration of war against Japan, the crime would nevertheless be one of the greatest among all the great public crimes that deform the history of the modern civilized world. In comparison with such a war, the British war upon the Chinese empire could never more be thought of as a reproach. The Japanese have never invaded our soil—have never committed any depredations on our commerce—have never imprisoned or injured any of our citizens—have never done any thing in relation to us which under the most latitudinarian exposition of the law of nations could be represented as a reasonable ground of quarrel. They have never offered us any shadow of provocation. A declaration of war against that distant, secluded, unoffending people, would be a national crime on our part, at which the world might stand aghast. How much greater the crime—if without any declaration of war, giving such notice of our intention as is required by the usage of all civilised nations, a warlike invasion of the Japanese territory, or the Japanese waters merely, is attempted by our government!

The reports then, which have had so wide a currency, are simply incredible. Mr. Fillmore and his administration know well enough that it belongs to Congress "to declare war," and that for them to wage war upon a peaceful nation without a preceding "declaration" by Congress making the war legal, would be to make themselves liable to impeachment. They know that they have just as much right at this moment to send forth a hostile expedition against the coast of Ireland as against the coast of Japan—just as much right to order a squadron to force itself, at all hazards, into the port of London as into the port of Jeddo.

Besides, is not the whole conservative force of the country employed just now in showing how perilous it is—how inconsistent with all the maxims of our policy—how contrary to the example and the advice of Washington—for our government to interfere, even with the remotest hint of an opinion, in regard to anything that lies beyond our territorial boundaries or that does not immediately concern the acknowledged rights of our own citizens? Can any intelligent man persuade himself that the administration are so heedless of this great conservative principle as to rush upon the task of reforming the mistaken policy of the Japanese empire, and compelling that benighted people by fire and slaughter to adopt a better system of commercial regulations? Can any man believe that the President and his advisers are prepared to encounter the hailstorm of indignation which will fall upon them from the columns of the *National Intelligencer*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and the *Journal of Commerce*, and from the pulpits of such uncourtly preachers as Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia?

Furthermore, President Fillmore and his secretaries are firm believers in the policy which imposes restrictions upon foreign commerce by way of promoting the development of our national wealth. Can any man believe that such an administration will make war upon Japan because she carries the selfsame policy farther than *we* judge to be for our interests? Is it not plain that if we may send a fleet into the waters of Japan, with positive orders to force open the ports of that empire for the admission of our merchandise on such terms as we think to be judicious; then, by the same right, the British government may send a fleet into our waters with the demand that we shall open our ports for the admission of the coal and iron, by the want of which our great manufacturing and commercial interests are constantly embarrassed, and the construction of every railway is loaded with a burthen of taxation?

Besides, if we had less confidence than we ought to have in the adherence of the administration to sound conservative principles, what adequate temptation is there to lead them into such a crime as the invasion of Japan? Is there any demand for it on the part of the great slave-trading interest? Does any body expect that we shall be able to export negroes to Japan? Will the opening of the ports of that empire raise the price of men, women and children on the decaying plantations of Virginia and Carolina? Nobody dreams of such a thing. The invasion of Japan, then, cannot be deemed necessary to the safety of the Union. Even the Safety Union Committee will admit that no such crime as this is necessary to the completeness and finality of the compromise.

The public, then, may be assured that all the reports about an intended invasion of Japan are a mere cloud of smoke thrown up to conceal the real objects of the expedition. Now that the purpose has been answered, the cloud will, doubtless, be permitted to float away. We trust that our government intends no such crime as these reports would lead us to believe; and even if we had evidence that some great crime is really to be perpetrated, our opinion would be that Havana or Port au Prince is in more danger than Jeddo.

THE TEST OF RELIGIOUS TEACHERS AND SYSTEMS.

The diversity of beliefs among nominal Christians is sometimes made a pretext for skepticism or for indifference to religion. This pretext might hold if there were no ultimate standard of faith and no infallible criterion by which to test both teachers and their systems. But such a test we have, and we are under a moral obligation to apply it to whatever comes before us under the guise of truth. *Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God.* 'You may discern who are and who are not actuated by the Spirit of God, from the views they respectively entertain of the mission and the work of Christ.' This doctrinal test is given by the Apostle as decisive. It applies to any and every teacher, and it is a simple and intelligible criterion. *He that confesseth Christ is of God, and he that confesseth not Christ is not of God.* Here is a plain alternative; and between the two extremes of this alternative there is no middle ground. What then is the precise significance of the formula prescribed by John, as the uniform and decisive test of religious teachers and religious systems?

The confession of Christ which he intended, is not a mere acknowledgment in words of the fact of the Incarnation;—for since we read of some who hold the truth in unrighteousness, one might receive that fact and draw from it false and dangerous conclusions; or one might hold it as a fact as coldly as he would hold a proposition in Euclid, without giving it a place in his affections, or exercising in view of it repentance and faith. To acknowledge Christ in the *sense* intended by John, as is plain from his whole epistle, was to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God—a truly divine person—that he became incarnate—was truly man—and that in this character, as the incarnate Word, he became the propitiation for the sins of the world. *He was manifested to take away sin.* This view of the incarnation is everywhere prominent in the epistle, and gives us the meaning of the writer when he speaks of Jesus as having "come in the flesh." The general course of thought in which this phrase occurs is conclusive upon this point. *In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. And we have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world*;—then follows the declaration: *whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God.* "To confess that Jesus is the Son of God" is, therefore, to acknowledge him as the Savior of the world—the propitiation for our sins. This is the acknowledgment of Christ which the Apostle declares to be a fundamental and an indispensable test of soundness in a professed teacher of religion.

The venerable and beloved Apostle watching over this churches as a father, insists again and again upon the doctrine as vital to Christianity. He dwells upon the fact that Jesus had come *in the flesh*, because already in his time the *Docetæ* had begun to apply to Christ "the notion so pleasing to the fantastic taste of the East, and which had long obtained currency among the Jews, that a higher spirit has the faculty of representing himself to the outward eye in various forms, deceiving the senses, though in themselves without substance." This view must necessarily do away the connection of Christ's appearance with human nature, and with human history; his whole *humanity* was denied, and whatever appertained to Christ's human appearance was represented as an illusion,—a mere vision; his whole actual life on earth was merged into a *phantom*. This view of course would undermine the doctrine of an *atonement*; for a real incarnation was essential to the atonement which Jesus is said to have made for the sins of the world. Unless Christ was a real man, flesh and blood like ourselves, having a human body and a human soul, he could not have shed his blood for the remission of sins, he could not have died for our offences and have risen again for our justification; all preaching is vain and all faith is vain. We are yet in our sins. Here then is the grand test of teachers and systems of religion. Whatever teacher, whatever book, whatever system, does not hold the incarnation of Christ and his atonement for sin as fundamental and vital, is not of God, and is not to be received. Men who are not experimental Christians may hold and teach the essential truth upon these points; we may err in our estimate of their character; but those who do *not* hold the great fact of the incarnation of the Son of God for the world's redemption are to be rejected as not of God.

Now the fact that there is such a touchstone of truth has an important practical bearing. It is the duty of every man to examine and to decide for himself what is truth, under his personal accountability to God, and upon the stake of his eternal welfare. The democratic constitution of the primitive churches appears incidentally in the injunction to the members of those churches to sit in judgment upon the qualifications of those who came to them as teachers. No power above themselves was to designate their teachers for them, nor to give those teachers an authoritative commission, but the churches themselves were to judge whether a teacher was from God. But what was thus recommended to churches in the selection of their teachers, is required of every man with regard to the ministry under which he shall sit and the system of religious doctrine which he shall embrace. Men are not at liberty to accept a certain mode of teaching or a certain form of faith, without investigation, merely because they have been educated to it or because it has been imposed upon them by some outward authority. They are to try their teachers and their doctrines by the reason which God has given them, and by the truth which God has revealed to them. This every man must do under his personal responsibility to God. It is not allowable to men to be indifferent to truth under the plea that there are so many forms of doctrine that they cannot determine which is right. They are bound to have a faith, and to see to it that that faith accords with the Bible. There is truth as well as error in the world. There are true teachers as well as false; and with the Bible in their hands men can discriminate, and they are bound to discriminate between them. No man is excusable for giving himself up to a delusion on the one hand, nor on the other for living in indifference to religion because of the diversity of creeds. The truth, of God is in the world; and it has claims upon every human intellect, and heart, and conscience. To be indifferent to the truth is to peril the eternal welfare of the soul. The teaching you will approve, the faith you will accept in religion, is not like schools in philosophy, or medicine, or art,—a matter of merely comparative and incidental moment,—it is vital to the soul; its life or its death for eternity. What is affirmed of professed teachers of Christianity is true also of every hearer. *Whoso confesseth not that Christ is come in the flesh*,—whoso believeth not practically and efficiently, in the incarnation and the atonement of Jesus our Savior—*is not of God, and shall not find life.*

UNFORTUNATE USE OF A WORD.

Our friends of the *Christian Inquirer* seem to have been needlessly offended—whether through the inaccuracy of the reporter or the infelicity of the speaker, we will not attempt to say—with the use of the word "Unitarian" in a late lecture at the Tabernacle. We *think* that those who *heard* the lecturer, generally understood him as using that word in no invidious or disrespectful sense. He was representing a difference between his prejudices founded on theory, and the facts which he ascertained when he became a traveler in the East. He had presumed that a religion which has for its chief merit an intense and implacable abhorrence of idolatry, must be better than those extremely corrupt and idolatrous forms of Christianity which have so long existed within the limits of the great Mohammedan empire. Speaking of Mohammedanism from this point of view, he called it (with a tautology avoided by the reporter) "that iconoclastic, monotheistic, Unitarian religion"—the word 'Unitarian' being used not invidiously, but as in some degree explanatory of the word 'Monotheistic.' But he added that when he came to know the working of Mohammedanism a little more distinctly, he found that the Christian law of marriage by which all these corrupt forms of Christianity are distinguished from the religion of the Koran, countervails their corruptions in doctrine and in worship, and gives them the advantage over Mohammedanism, with all its stern and sturdy adherence to the worship of one invisible God. The readers of *The Independent*, for aught we see, might almost as well be offended with the use of the word 'iconoclastic,' a name often given to the Puritans, as the readers of the *Inquirer* with the use of the word which the editors of that journal have complained of.

We copy so much of the *Inquirer's* complaint as is necessary to make our explanation intelligible.

"We observe that Rev. Dr. Bacon, in his late Lecture on the East, uses this language:

'The Christianity of the East is poor enough, but it respects the family tie, and therefore surpasses that iconoclastic, Unitarian religion of Mohammedanism. A corrupted Christianity is a great deal better than the Mohammedan faith.'

"Now, what connection has the term 'Unitarian' with Mohammedanism, as a religion that does not respect the family tie? What connection is there between the doctrine of the simple unity of God and polygamy? What propriety is there in using a word identified with a class of Christians, to mark one of the worst aspects of a bloody superstition? We dislike this willingness on the part of certain theologians, who are suspected of too great liberality, to secure their reputation by ungenerous flings at Christian brethren of other denominations. An audience of theologians might understand the allusion justly, although before them it would be invidious. But a popular assembly could not but misinterpret it."

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW: HOW IT WORKS.

A very remarkable letter has been published from Rev. William K. Hadley, a missionary among the poor in Portland, Me., to Rev. Mr. Higginson, in Newburyport, Mass., giving an account of the admirable working of the Maine Liquor Law. The facts contained in it are astounding. The change from the reign of intemperance to the dominion of this law is almost like the change from hell to heaven. This legislation is demonstrated, in the experience of all the people, to be of so benevolent, beatifying a character, so profitable, so beneficial to the whole community, that with united voice they demand its continuance, and *will* have it carried into full effect. The hundreds of thousands of dollars said to have been raised by Boston capitalists for the purpose of bribing the people and the legislature of Maine into the repeal of this beneficent law, are of no avail. We do not believe that all the wealth of Massachusetts, offered in one vast sum, could induce the people to retrace their steps. The rum merchants of Boston had better uncoil the worm of the still, or apply all their bribes at home; for they will be wanted there. With the example of Maine continued, and such a demonstration of the vast and varied beneficial results of this law in the industry, prosperity, and happiness of the people there, it will not be possible for the city of Boston to keep these blessings out of Massachusetts. It will not be possible for the rum interests of that city to keep the people of the Old Bay State so besotted and blinded. The people of the city may be kept in bondage for a season longer to the Rum-demon and his pecuniary profits, but the people of the country *will* have the Maine law.

Yet the supporters of rum exhibit an indefatigable energy, earnestness, perseverance and practical sagacity in support of their cause. As often as Dagon falls, the priests set him in his place again. And their orators develop an astounding fertility of argument and eloquence. It is true that the sermons of their preachers all turn upon one text, *Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth*; but that one they handle with prodigious power. They show its application, with heart-affecting pathos and earnestness, to various forms and interests of habit and of life, not before seen in such a light, but manifestly now endangered and endamaged by this philanthropic legislation. Not only the pecuniary interests of distillers and wholesale dealers are largely at stake, by putting this rum-craft under the ban of law, as a public enemy, but the editors and proprietors of not a few newspapers, sustained so largely by rum advertisements, are in imminent hazard of suffering. Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.

The text is a very affecting one to all these classes. It carries its own application. They do not wish it to be made too broadly. They can take a hint as well as any man. They see which way the wind blows. And all the considerations of patriotism, disinterested public policy, and the good of the country at large, call upon them to protect such vast moneyed interests as are at stake in rum-capital, and in their own advertisements. Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. What are a few thousand families, beggared, desolated, destroyed every year, by the driving of this craft—what are a few thousand young men, drawn into habits of intemperance—what are a few thousand laborers trodden down in drunkenness and starvation—what are the miseries of a few thousand mothers and children—what the perdition, eternally, of thousands of immortal beings—what, indeed, are all the evils and curses of intemperance, in comparison with the preciousness of this craft to those who by it have their wealth? They call for legislation to protect wealth, not morals; to protect the wealth gotten by the *destruction* of morals. They demand legislation in behalf of the distiller, and the wealthy wholesale dealer, and the retail seller, all fattening on the miseries of their fellow-beings; but they profess a most pious horror of the law, when it comes in the shape of a protection for the poor and miserable; they execrate the law, when it turns against the murderous traffic that fills the coffers of the rum-merchant out of the poverty and misery of his neighbors. The moment law interferes with this craft, then they are seized with a holy fear of tyranny; they are afraid of despotic precedents, they are very anxious for men's liberties; they are mightily afraid of too much law, when, a few months ago, they thought this nation could never get enough of it.

The whole difficulty is just here, with distillers, wholesale dealers, retailers and advertising newspapers, all alike; Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. It has been well asked, and pertinently, Why do not the newspapers of New York, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and others, the professed conservators, *par eminence*, of the public weal, the safety of the Union, and the morals of the State, spread before their readers such documents as the letters from Portland, the evidence from Neal Dow, and other statistics and facts, demonstrating the beneficent operation of the Maine law? Ah, gentlemen, do ye not know that by this craft we have our wealth? Yes, and we know some other things, as for example, the woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, building a town with blood, and establishing a city by iniquity; and the woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, and puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also. Now on the principles of commonest law, as well as sense, to this villainy every commercial house that sustains it, and every form of business that derives profit from it, and for that cause supports it, and every public journal that gains money by its advertising patronage, and therefore will not oppose it, but sanctions it, is directly accessory, and will be held directly responsible to the great God that weighs and gauges the evil, and distributes the just retribution.

And whereas the defenders of the rum traffic allege against the Maine Liquor law the vast amount of capital invested in distilleries and wholesale *drammeries*, (we may be permitted on such a subject to coin a new word) it is just as if a band of conspirators to burn and murder, should, on being caught and brought to justice, allege the great cost of all their instruments for breaking into houses, and all their arrangements for success and safety, as a good and sufficient reason why no attempt should be made to put them down. It is just as if a gang of counterfeiters should introduce as a *rebutter* of judgment and *estopper* on the whole suit against them, the fact that they had a capital of millions invested and engaged in their operations, and that said capital must all be sacrificed, if those operations were stopped. It would therefore be better to let the whole community suffer by counterfeit money, than to cause such a sacrifice of millions, in a branch of lucrative industry, by stopping it by law. Sirs, the counterfeiters may say, as well as the distillers and wholesale *drammeries*, know ye not that by this craft we have our wealth? This is the whole argument presented by the liquor dealers against any interference by law with their execrable business. C.

STRAY MEDITATIONS.

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.—How precious is that experience of sorrow which brings Christ to the soul as a sympathizing friend! The heart that mourns over its sins is naturally absorbed in the contemplation of Christ as its Redeemer. His atoning sacrifice—Christ crucified—is the object of its devout affection. In its view of Christ the cross is ever present; Christ on the cross is the Christ of its love, its trust, and its hope. To the penitent and believing soul this must ever be the most precious and the most cherished view of Christ:

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou *Lamb of Calvary*."

Without this view of Christ, without a trustful recognition of him as the Savior from sin, without a clinging to his cross as the alone medium of pardon for guilt, of sanctification for impurity, of life and joy for spiritual death and condemnation,—all other views of Christ are meaningless and vain. Yet this view of Christ may be indulged too exclusively, and may shut out from the soul other aspects and relations most intimate and tender. While in one sense the cross brings the Savior ever near, as the source of pardon and of spiritual life, in another it keeps him ever remote, and invests his office and work with a purely historical interest. Christ died for me on Calvary; Christ reigns for me in heaven; but Christ on the cross and Christ on the throne do not fill up the whole representation of Christ as given in the Scriptures. There is a living Christ present with his disciples, a guide, a counselor, a friend.

The prophet Isaiah in his exquisite delineation of the Savior's mission and death, while he gives prominence to an objective atonement—"*He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities*"—introduces also the tender relation of sympathy that Christ sustains toward his disciples. Contemplating the peculiar sufferings of Christ, which the Jewish nation at large would interpret as a retributive visitation, he exclaims, *Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.* The reference here is not to the bearing of our sins in his own body on the tree, but to his voluntary participation in the trials, infirmities, and griefs of our every day life. The "griefs" are diseases and infirmities of the body; the "sorrows" are anxieties, cares, and distresses of the mind;—these Christ bears, lifts up and carries away as a burden from us. In recording the miracles of healing that Jesus wrought, the evangelist Matthew observes that thus was fulfilled that which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, *Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.* What Jesus then did he does essentially now for all that come to him in faith; he is *touched with the feeling of our infirmities*, not only through a historical experience, but by a present and active sympathy.

No doubt Christ even now ofttimes bears away human infirmities, healing diseases not by miraculous agency but by his own sovereign power in answer to prayer. Especially does he reach diseases through their prime cause which is sin, and which his sovereign grace removes in its curse, in its power, and sometimes also in its effects.

But the more immediate and the more affecting view of Christ in this relation is that he enters with the most tender sympathy into our personal feelings. How touching the manner of Jesus when he was about to effect a miraculous cure or to bestow some boon of priceless worth! There was no ostentation in his bearing, there was no indifference to the surrounding grief, there was no cold professional dispensation of his services, there was no stern and repulsive mien to overawe a suppliant, there was no blunt and hasty performance of an act that must startle and agitate while it cheered and blessed, but a quiet, gentle, tender, affectionate *manner* in working a miracle, that showed the heart of a man wielding the power of God. A ruler of the synagogue comes to him and falling at his feet, passionately entreats him to lay his healing hands upon a dying child. Jesus goes with him toward the house, knowing full well that the child is already dead, but having purposed to restore her to life. On the way the servants and friends of the ruler hasten to meet him saying, "Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any farther?" The agonized heart of the father sinks within him. In a moment he is plunged into the depths of despair. He had faith in Christ's power to heal, but the thought that Jesus could raise from the dead, had not entered his mind. 'Oh that death had delayed one hour! Oh that I had sooner gone for the Master! Oh that Jesus had reached the house before she ceased to breathe! Oh that he could have looked upon my dying child! Alas, alas, it is too late, all is over!' Thus from an eager and confident hope the poor man sinks at once into the anguish of a hopeless sorrow. Now what saith Jesus? He does not break suddenly upon him with a reproof for lack of faith; he does not startle him by the promise of an unheard-of miracle; he does not speak confidently of his own power and his own intentions. He pities that broken-hearted father, and says to him gently, tenderly, *Be not afraid, only believe.* Then dismissing the multitude and all spectators but the parents of the child, and his favorite disciples, he goes to the bedside and raises the lifeless damsel from her sleep.

Jesus is passing with his disciples into the gate of Nain. He meets a sad procession attending to the sepulcher the body of a widow's only son. With the tenderest compassion Jesus looks upon the sorrowing widow; he steps to her side, he whispers to her, *Weep not*; then touches the bier and restores her son alive, and with his own hands presents him to his mother.

Again, while Jesus for personal safety is sojourning beyond Jordan, tidings are brought that Lazarus, the head of that little family circle at Bethany where Jesus loved to resort, is sick; Lazarus whom he loved—the brother of that Mary "which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair." The message was sent doubtless in the hope that Jesus would at once hasten to the bedside and restore the sufferer to health; but instead of this Jesus remains beyond Jordan until he knows that Lazarus is dead and buried; then, spite of personal danger, he wends his way toward Bethany. Before he reaches the house of mourning Martha hastes to meet him, and her first salutation is a lament that Jesus had not been there in season to arrest the sore calamity; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died*; and yet she seems to cherish some vague idea that Jesus still may help her; *I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.* But when Jesus gently intimates that her brother shall rise again, her faith receives the assurance only with reference to the Last Day. And now as he stands thus pathetically discoursing with the disconsolate Martha, the more sensitive and soulful Mary comes up and throws herself at his feet,—the same feet that she had wiped with her hair and had kissed in grateful adoration of her Lord—and there sobs out, as if she were once more laying her brother in the tomb, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.* Thus grief gushes out afresh at sight of each friend of the departed, and if that friend is near and beloved, the ceaseless current of sorrow is tinged with the vain regret that he or she was not present at the parting scene. 'Would God that *you* had been here.' But now this overpainful regret is immeasurably heightened at the sight of Him who had he been present would not only have soothed the dying pillow, but could even have averted death. 'Dear Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother, my dear, my only brother had not died. Alas, dear Lazarus, my brother, my help, my stay, I might then have had thee still.' The Jews, her friends and kindred, touched with this new sorrow, weep with Mary. And now, what does the Master?—who delayed to come to Lazarus living that he might raise up Lazarus dead. Does he slight their grief or abruptly check the expressions of nature? Does he at once announce his own purpose and shock their agitated minds with an idea so foreign to their thoughts and so incredible? Nay, nay—the Divine waits on the human—the Man weeps for what the God shall presently restore. Jesus groans in spirit, and is troubled with a sympathetic grief. He lifts the sobbing Mary from the ground and mingles his tears with hers, as he tenderly asks, Where have ye laid him? They lead the way, and Jesus weeps. Going to the grave to loose the bands of death, the Son of God bedews the path with tears. He takes Martha and Mary to his breast, he bears their grief and carries their sorrow, and groaning and sobbing all the way, he supports their tottering footsteps. The Jews, moved at the scene, exclaim, *Behold how he loved him.* And now they are at the sepulcher; the grief of the bereaved sisters here gushes forth incontrollably, and Jesus again groans as he carries their sorrows; he yields himself to all the gushing sympathies of his own heart, though by a word he could, as soon he will, stay every grief. Why went the Master thus sorrowing to the grave? Why wept he then, who wept not under the cruel scourging or along his own *via dolorosa*? Why wept he when about to raise the dead, but to assure thee, my soul, of sympathy in thy tears for those whom he will not yet give back to thee from the grave? Thou blessed Lord, dost thou bear my griefs and carry my sorrows? And may I look to thee, not only upon Calvary, my Savior from sin, but *here* in my solitary chamber, there by the new-made sepulcher, ever in my desolate heart, my tearful friend, my sympathising comforter? Blessed Jesus, thou dost not chide my tears; *thou dost bear my grief and carry my sorrow.*

THE "SPIRITS" AGAIN.

We are happy to receive from a friend of Rev. B. F. Parsons of Waukegan, the following explanation of that gentleman's connection with the so-called "spiritual manifestations" in that place. Our references to Mr. P. were all taken from the Waukegan *Chronicle*, and were in no way disparaging to him, except so far as it may be disparaging to any minister of the Gospel to put himself in close proximity with traveling mountebanks. Mr. Parsons's motive for doing this in the case under consideration is satisfactorily explained in the extract from his letter given below. We stated last week that his discourse on "the spirits" gave entire satisfaction to the Orthodox portion of the community. This we should have expected from his known ability and faithfulness as a minister of Christ. It seems, however, that Mr. P. sanctions these phenomena as *realities*, though he imputes them to Satanic influence.

For the Independent.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In your editorial of last week on "Spiritual Manifestations," mention is made of Rev. B. F. Parsons of Waukegan, Illinois, in a way that leads the reader to a misconception of Mr. Parsons's connection with these "Spiritual Manifestations." As the Rev. Mr. P. is well known to many of your readers, I take the liberty of requesting the insertion of the following extract from a letter written to a relative recently, which will place his real position more distinctly in view.

Brooklyn, March 22, 1852. P. M. S.

Feb. 26, 1852.

"For the past three months my hands and brains have been fully occupied ferreting out the secret of the 'Spiritual Manifestations' here, as they are called, which skeptics have been using to overthrow the Bible; and I trust I have succeeded. When they pretended to receive communications from my wife (lately deceased, P. M. S.) to support their infidelity, I thought it was time to lift the thing: and did do it, by a long and painful experience: to tell you of which now, however, I cannot. Suffice it to say, that I delivered a lecture a week or two since to an overflowing audience, in which I showed to the satisfaction of the community, that these manifestations were of Satan and his spirits: and the doctrines they taught, the 'doctrines of devils,' as Scripture had forewarned us. I pointed out the truth, as heavy and plain, as I knew how; and it is doing good. The spirits have nearly all taken their flight from the place, to go and delude others, where there are fools enough to be duped."

An intelligent correspondent of the Syracuse *Recorder* disposed in a more summary way of sundry "Mediums" now practising their delusions at Clinton, Oneida county, in this State. He says:

"We went down Saturday evening and stopped at the house where the '*Mediums*' are staying. We went at half past six, and stayed until after nine, hearing the latest news from the other world as divulged by these people—I never in my life listened to any thing that seemed so much like blasphemy.

"The Mediums appear to think that they are actually possessed by spirits who are the authors of what they merely write. Their mode of operation is as follows:—the Medium seats herself, first asking you the name of the spirit with whom you wish to communicate. The Medium then sits perfectly still, until the spirit called upon, takes possession—which is shown by sundry winks, horrid grins, and fearful shudders. When fully possessed, Medium snatches a pencil and writes upon a slate as the spirit dictates. They say, 'that no one can fool them'—'that they can tell in a moment whether the person called on is in heaven, or on earth.' Then gravely I called for an old friend, but who was *still upon earth*, and very near. I was told as gravely, that my friend was in the *fourth* heaven, and *sixth* circle. When the spirit of my friend first took possession of the Medium, she shrieked, and began to complain of her stomach, asking me of what disease my friend had died; taking a cue from her actions, I thought best to say, *for further developments, of inflammation of the bowels.* After such a demonstration, all the believers present seemed greatly strengthened and kept shouting in our ears, 'there, are you not convinced?'—'The spirits never lie.' 'You can't fool them,' &c. &c. I then called upon another spirit neither dead nor alive, but gave him a *name* wholly fictitious. 'This man,' she said, 'when alive, was a lover of whisky, and chewed tobacco.' To draw her out, I said, 'you were mistaken in the first revelation, but correct in the last.' 'Well,' she said, 'he was a great *drinker*, but did not let any body know it.' I replied '*that* was very likely.' *I had a long revelation from this spirit, written out in full*, which, if it had come from any body that had ever lived, might have deceived some poor soul, and perhaps sent some wrecked intellect to the *Insane Asylum.*"

The disastrous effects of this delusion both upon the intellect and the morals, are painfully apparent wherever it has gained a foothold. A correspondent of the *Western Missionary* (German Reformed), writing from Danville in this State, says:

"One of their Mediums when in a mesmerized state has gone to the city of Sodom which, as she says, lies with all its ancient grandeur under the Dead Sea, and has there found the true bible. This bible they are now writing; it forms the basis of their new religion and teaches the same doctrine that they have long since taught. It teaches in a word the doctrine of universal salvation.

"One living at a distance from here and simply hearing of these things would come to the reasonable conclusion that no rational person could be led away by such gross imposition. This power directs all its efforts against the church, telling its members that the church is in ignorance, and that it venerates the Bible because it is old."

The *Medical Gazette*, in exposing the kindred delusion of Mental Alchemy, has the following important remarks:

But there is a graver aspect in which this subject deserves to be regarded. Imbecile individuals, whose nervous system is morbidly excitable, will become the victims of insanity, by the silly experiments which they are here taught to perform on themselves and others. The sensations they experience are all due to the mechanical pressure upon the nerves of the thumb, by which a morbid excitability is produced in such persons, which prepares them for any phase of delusion.

Under similar excitement, produced in similar ways, a lady of birth, taste, high connections, and literary accomplishments, lately committed suicide, leaving written testimony of her being prompted thereto by the morbid imaginings thus eugendered, under which she had fancied revelations from the spiritual world which she dare not divulge. And in the late London Lancet, still another instance is recorded, in which a young woman cut off her hand with a carving-knife, and thrust the stump into the fire, and put out her eyes, declaring that "God told her to do it," while she was the victim of kindred teachings. Our own country will soon be visited with similar monomania, as a sweeping epidemic, unless the people can be sufficiently enlightened to treat all such impostors with *absolute neglect*, or else be moved by their fears to visit them with the penalties they justly incur for obtaining money under false pretenses.

But enough has been said to satisfy all who think that the science of Mental Alchemy, or by whatever other title kindred teachings are attempted, is a flagitious and demoralizing humbug; its practitioners should be treated as knaves, and its believers as dupes, the latter being entitled to commiseration rather than censure, and should be humanely taken care of by their friends.

WHAT KIND OF PIETY WE NEED.

In an article in *The Independent*, on American and European Social Life, by "Our late Pedestrian Correspondent," there are, at the close, some sentiments of a strain so mistaken, so false, so injurious, that they afford opportunity for a remark or two by way of correction and caution. Disagreeable things a man may be privileged to say, if they are true, especially with the goggles of foreign travel over his eyes; but as to the foolish and very questionable things, the advice of the friendly Quaker would be well in place. Put the goggles on thy mouth, and the brandy on thine eyes. Our correspondent speaketh as one of the foolish women speaketh, when he says that we need in this country, for our better type of religion, "a nature which the *roué* and the man-of-the-world shall be won to, as their highest idea of manliness and good fellowship, as well as of earnestness." A silly speech indeed is that; for the *roué* and the true man of the world have no *ideal* at all of manliness, earnestness and good fellowship; it is merely and solely a *sensual*. It is just comprehended in three words, introduced by one of that kith and kin, in a conversation on the articles of supreme good fellowship, wealth, wine, women! That is the ideal of manliness, good fellowship and earnestness with the "men-of-the-world" society in Europe. Even the sweet, angelic, chaste idea of woman, they degrade to the same animal level with that of wealth and wine, arranged in the same category, for sensual and social enjoyment. Their character remains, what it was in the time of the apostle to the Gentiles, earthly, sensual, devilish.

Think now of a writer seriously telling us, as one of his wonderful discoveries by a tour in Europe, that we want, as a higher type of Christianity than any ever known in New England, a nature which the *roué* and the man-of-the-world shall be won to, as their highest idea of manliness and good fellowship, as well as of earnestness! What will become of the Maine Liquor Law? Is there ever a *roué*, or a man-of-the-world, or one of your European good-fellowship men, that can stand that? Is there one of them, that if you undertake to support that, will wish to have anything to do with you? Is there one of your social, jolly good-livers, that will not abjure you, and set you down as a sour, miserable, fanatical piece of verjuice, enough to turn a whole dinner of Soyer himself into vinegar? A nature, forsooth, that the *roué* and the man-of-the-world shall be won to! A Christianity, that such men shall take as their highest ideal of manliness, good-fellowship and earnestness! There would be salt, if not vinegar, in such a Christianity, with a vengeance! We should have enough for all the dunghills in the universe.

Now, such a foolish development of foreign learning as this might pass for what it is worth, and not be worth noticing; but it is accompanied by a fling at revivals, and a presentation of the character of Christ, as if even he would sanction the manner of life that prevails in the men-of-the-world circle, for its winning geniality and good-fellowship. This writer speaks as follows:

"The CHARACTER, which could draw so trustingly the foul prostitute to itself, is not our type. To me more than revivals, would be a revival of social life here, filling it with the true sociality, the geniality, the friendship, which beam out in Christ's life; more than experiences or frames would be the experience through our families of a deeper cheerfulness, a purer self-sacrifice, affection, mutual kindness, and reverence."

If to sneer at revivals, experiences and frames be one of the arts and capabilities which our friend has learned in Europe, we deeply and sadly sorrow for him. If he really prefers the good-

The session of the school is from half-past 2 to 4 o'clock, and donations of money and clothes are earnestly requested; the money can be left at this office, and parties having clothing to dispose of will be waited upon by leaving a note for the superintendent at the same place.

Contributions can be left with Mr. LADD, at the office of *The Independent*.

BAPTISTS OF VERMONT.—There are four churches having more than 200 members each; 24 having and over 100 and less than 200; 33 having over 50 and less than 100, and 39 having less than 50—more than one third of the whole have less than 50 members, and one third of the whole are destitute of pastors. The agent of the Baptist convention says:

"All agree that the sum of $2,000 ought to be expended in missionary efforts within our own limits during the present conventional year. That sum apportioned among all the churches according to their number of members is about thirty cents to each member. If every church would raise the necessary sum, no one would be obliged to raise any more than its numerical proportion. But some may fail to do their part. It would be strange if they should not. The reliance then must be upon those who are able and willing to see the sum made out."

AN OCTOGENARIAN.—On the 13th of March a sermon was preached by Rev. T. M. Cooley, D.D., of East Granville, Mass., on his eightieth birthday. Text, 2 Sam. 19: 35,—"I am this day fourscore years old." At 15 he united with the church in his native place, preached his first sermon there in 1795, was ordained pastor of that church in 1796, lived 20 years, and brought up a large family on a salary of $250, yet always had enough; has preached to the same people 56 years, and is now the oldest pastor in Massachusetts that never had a colleague. The sketch in the *Puritan Recorder*, from which we gather these facts, adds:

"Dr. C. commenced his discourse by saying it was a matter of astonishment to him that he had lived so long. When he was five years old a fatal sickness prevailed in the village, of which a great number died; among them was a brother and sister of his. When the latter was buried he was so sick, and apparently so near to death, that his father selected the spot for his grave. He was mercifully restored to health, and his grave has been waiting for him seventy-five years, during which time he has not been confined to his bed by sickness a single day.

"The following hymn, written by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, was sung at the conclusion of the services:—

"Through changing joys and sorrows,
Through cares and smiles and tears,
I've held my pilgrim journey
Now for these four-score years;
And should the sheaf in ripeness
Soon 'neath the Reaper fall,
I'm ready, Father, ready,
Whene'er thy voice shall call.

"Rich blessings round my pathway
Thy liberal hand hath shed,
As on through fair green pastures
A loving flock I've led;
So to my gracious Savior
I calmly trust my all;
I'm ready, Father, ready,
Whene'er thy voice shall call."

POPERY AND REPUBLICANISM.—A card appears in the Philadelphia *Sun*, of March 10, signed "Rev. John Dudam," the writer of which professes to be a Romish priest from Hungary, who has been dismissed from service in Lancaster, Pa., on account of his republicanism—especially for having "blessed" a banner which was given to Kossuth, for praying for the success of liberty and the downfall of despotism all over the world, and for visiting with Lutheran heretics. He says—

"I am a Catholic priest, but I am a Hungarian, also, who, with his mother's milk, drank in the principles of freedom; who, though enslaved, never would consent to be made a mere tool of. I am one of the thousands of priests who fought in the ranks the battles of liberty; for the plurality of the Hungarian Catholic priests never can descend to be made hirelings of despotism, as the Roman Catholic priests do here in the United States. The Hungarian priests always considered themselves first as Hungarians, and as such they love liberty above everything else. The Roman Catholic priests here are congregated from all nations of the earth, because every despot sends here his creatures, for the purpose that these wolves in sheep's clothes, may, as their missionaries, defend the interest of those despots."

INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONS.

Kingsbury, of Danville, Ap-
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a fixed and lamentable fact,
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if teachers can only be per-
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have given in their names and
regular attendants; and there
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willingly responded to.
the enterprise cannot be ques-
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in this great city are doubtless
Sabbath. To such the superin-
Come and labor with us; here
mortal souls growing up in the
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to pluck these brands from the
God said, "Blessed is he that
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go girls and attend with us; and,
to minister to them as you
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ved instruction, freely let us im-
need it so much; and God will
s our own souls.

NEW MISSION.—A room at 17
en rented for a Sabbath-school,
ious and temperance meetings
It is believed the school can be
, if teachers can only be per-
n so good a work. Meetings
ere the past two Sabbaths; a
have given in their names and
regular attendants; and there
eat desire on their part for in-
erintendent of the school now
ns for help, and he doubts not
willingly responded to.
the enterprise cannot be ques-
dependent of and not intended
ools already established there.
in this great city are doubtless
Sabbath. To such the superin-
Come and labor with us; here
mortal souls growing up in the
s of the most revolting kind;
to pluck these brands from the
God said, "Blessed is he that
"?
go girls and attend with us; and,
to minister to them as you
d our care; come then and labor
l responsibility rests upon us:
ved instruction, freely let us im-
need it so much; and God will
s our own souls.

SWEDEN.—"In Stockholm," says the missionary Rosenius, "which I have visited every week, the work of the Lord seems to be blessed with great progress. Many glorious proofs of such progress in individual souls might be mentioned.

In various parts of Wester-gothland, says the missionary Ahnfelt, the people hunger and thirst after God's Word; they come in crowds, and sometimes the distance of twenty or thirty miles, where they hope to hear it faithfully preached. Some of the priests are obedient to the faith." The civil authorities, however, are uneasy, and the clergy as a body, are pressing the king to take decisive measures to suppress evangelical movements.

BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—Mr. Ayerst, secretary of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, writes as follows:—

"Sir, a report having been extensively circulated that a successor has been appointed to Bishop Gobat in the bishopric at Jerusalem, I shall be obliged by your stating that this report is altogether unfounded. It seems that the mistake has arisen from the account of the appointment (by the King of Prussia) of Rev. Mr. Valentiner as pastor of the Germans resident in Jerusalem, being supposed to imply a change in the bishopric."

CHINA.—It is stated in the *Bengal Hurkaru* that *Tien Teh*, the new Emperor of China, is a Christian, and that he was baptized by the late Dr. Gutzlaff. If this be true, it may be the first link of a chain which shall yet bind the vast empire of China to the cross of Christ.

CALCUTTA.—In November last, three native catechists were licensed to preach the Gospel by the Scotch Free Church Presbytery of Calcutta, having sustained a thorough examination, and enjoying the confidence of all who know them as entering on their ministry with a deep sense of its responsibilities, and an earnest desire to do good, and win souls to Christ.

ROBBERY.—The number of Non-Conformist Chapels in England, belonging to some fifteen or sixteen denominations, is 14,430; and all connected with these places of worship, besides supporting their own ministers, are obliged to pay their tithes for the support of the Established Church!

RELIGION IN THE KAFFIR CAMP.—Mr. Laing, of South Africa, says that in the Kaffir camp there is a show of religion. We heard of their keeping up worship in the Amatola mountains; and when visited in their camp by ministers from the Kat River, one of them was found preaching. Among some who were understood to join the Kaffirs, there was one who remained behind, and who, on being questioned concerning the cause, said they would not have him, because he was a bad man, and would bring down on them the curse of God. The Kaffirs have less religious knowledge than the Hottentots, but they are not unwilling to refer to God in their affairs of war. Unlespeye, their native diviner, exhorts the people to look to God for strength, and disclaims all power of his own to help them.

SWEDEN.—Dr. H. O. Holmstrom, Bishop of Strengnas, has been chosen Primate of Sweden. He is said to be a man of Parliamentary skill, but without distinction as a Christian minister. His nomination, it is reported, sprung from political motives, that he is a re-actionist, and that neither the Swedish church nor clergy have any hope of release from bondage under his administration. Matters seem to be in the hearts of the rulers of Europe, who by the oppressions, religious as well as civil, which they practice, are forcing thousands and tens of thousands of their people to emigrate to the new world.

JEWISH MISSION AT PESTH.—Since the expulsion of the Scotch missionaries to the Jews in Hungary, we naturally ask, what has become of the people under their charge? Accounts have been received that the school under the charge of Mr. Stophir and his colleagues is still in operation, and has been formally recognized as a public institution of the Hungarian Protestant church.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Christian Times* writes Feb. 11:

"But in the midst of forebodings and sorrows, as Christians we are privileged to turn to our God, and to take refuge under the shadow of his wings until the calamities of time be overpast. With firm footing on the Rock of Ages, the Christians of France may work on, and work in calm patience for the increase of that kingdom of grace which no storm can overturn or destroy. And if the manner of working must vary according to the outward medium in which they are plunged, their God who directs the world will point out for them a safe path through it."

THE TRACTARIAN SISTERHOOD.—The *Plymouth Journal*, referring to the Tractarian Sisterhood in that town, mysteriously says, "Some circumstances have recently taken place at Eldad which are likely to come before the world. One of the young ladies has left the establishment, and the circumstances that are likely to transpire will probably very greatly interest the public."

NEW ZEALAND.—The missionaries were sent to New Zealand in 1814. The first conversion of a native was in 1825, and the second in 1827. In 1840, after 25 years of labor, there were not more than 280 communicants. But now came the harvest. Native teachers were placed at East Cape in 1838, and Archdeacon Williams removed there in 1850. The church there consisted at that time wholly of natives, who had come from the Bay of Islands, principally as teachers; the communicants were 29. In 1845 they amounted to 1,484, and in 1849 to 2,893.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. John F. Norton, recently of North Bridgewater, was installed at Athol, Mass., on the 17th inst. Services as follows:—invocation and reading of the scriptures, by Rev. S. S. Smith, of Northampton; introductory prayer, by Rev. O. H. White, of Westminster; sermon, by Rev. A. H. Clapp, of Brattleboro', Vt.; installing prayer, by Rev. A. P. Marvin, of Winchendon North; charge to the pastor, by Rev. J. Storrs of Winchendon; right-hand of fellowship, by Rev. J. C. Paine, of Gardner; address to the people, by Rev. L. Sabin, of Templeton; concluding prayer, by Rev. George Goodycar; benediction, by the pastor. A. H. C.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. Thomas H. Canfield was installed over the First Congregational church and society at Weathersfield Center, Vt., Feb. 25, by sermon, Rev. W. Wright, Charlestown, N. H.; installing prayer, Rev. S. R. Arms, Springfield; right-hand of fellowship, Rev. E. H. Squier, Hartland; charge to the pastor, Rev. M. Kimball, Ascutneyville.

On the 4th instant, the Rev. James H. Baird was installed by the Presbytery of Wooster, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio.

On the 9th instant, by the Presbytery of Mohawk, the Rev. Caspar R. Gregory was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Oneida Depot, New York.

The Rev. Richard H. Steele, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hallston Spa, New York, has received a unanimous call from the Second Reformed Dutch church of Ghent, New York.

Rev. J. Alvord's health has determined him to resign his office as pastor of the Phillips church and society. His resignation will take effect about the first of April. Mr. Alvord is very much esteemed and beloved by his people, and they will part with him with deep regret.

EPISCOPAL BISHOP.—The Standing Committee of this diocese have refused to call a special Convention, though requested to do so by thirty-one clergymen and the lay members of twenty-three parishes. The object of those who desired that a Convention should be called, was to select a coadjutor bishop in the place of Rev. Dr. Creighton, who was elected at the last annual convention, but who declined the office.

THE METHODIST SYSTEM.—We are aware that Methodist church government has its peculiarities, and in these we think lies its great strength. Now why not give up our *itinerancy* because in this arrangement we differ from all other "Protestant churches?" When our brethren shall procure a "lay representation" to avoid the reproach of singularity, how long will it be before they will conclude that it is best to be consistent, and do away with all the peculiar features of Methodism, for the same reason. Do not these brethren know that the *changing* and *appointing* features are the very first things in our system which are objected to by other denominations as *arbitrary and anti-democratic*?—*Chr. Adv. and Journal.*

NORTH WEYMOUTH.—An Ecclesiastical Council was convened in North Weymouth, on the 11th instant, for the recognition of the "Pilgrim Church" —composed of fifty-one members, with letters of dismission and recommendation from the original Congregational church of North Weymouth. At the same time, a new and beautiful house of worship was dedicated to the service of the living and true God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost—distant about a mile from the original sanctuary, and necessary to the accommodation of the increasing population of the town, and the particular locality. The division of the church and society was entirely fraternal and harmonious, the same covenant, articles of faith, and ecclesiastical regulations being adopted by both, and the same ministry enjoying equally the confidence of all.—*Puritan Rec.*

HARTFORD.—The Unitarian Society of Hartford has paid off its entire indebtedness, amounting to $11,340 32; of this sum $5,414 55 was collected by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harrington, from individuals and churches abroad, and $5,925 77 from the members of the society and friends in the neighborhood. So says the Hartford *Times*.

REVIVALS.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Congregational Church in Philadelphia, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Henry D. Moore, recently enjoyed the presence of God in an enlarged degree, during a three weeks' meeting. No extra efforts were made at the meetings, but God worked through his Word and Spirit; and many were made to feel themselves sinners, and a goodly number found God gracious to them in the pardon of their sins through our Lord Jesus Christ. On the first Sabbath in the month, our regular sacramental occasion, ten persons, who had given themselves to the Lord, came forward and gave themselves to the Church by the will of God. The congregation is permanently large, and frequently crowded, and all attentive and solemn under the word of Truth and Grace. [COM.

SAXONVILLE, MASS.—In a Protestant population of one thousand souls, two hundred are believed to have turned to God by repentance and faith within a few months. And it is a very cheering feature of the work, that the converts, to an uncommon extent, according to their ability, testify to their friends and neighbors what God has done for them.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—The *Green Bay Spectator* of Feb. 21 says that by an arrival of a party of gentlemen from Eagle River, it learns that an extensive revival of religion has visited that portion of the mining country, and that almost the entire population have been converted. The religious meetings, under the management of the American Board and the Methodist denomination, have been kept up all winter, and have accomplished a great deal of good.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—Rev. A. J. Bingham, pastor of the Baptist church, writes to the *Journal and Messenger*, Feb. 24:

"God has visited Jacksonville in tender mercy. He has blessed the faithful labors of Elder Jacob Knapp with this church in the hopeful conversion of a large and interesting company. The church have been much revived and the spirit of love restored.

Ninety persons have united with us—seventy-five by baptism. Many have also been added to other churches.

The spirit of the work extended through the whole place, and religion became almost the exclusive topic of conversation. Most of the churches held daily meetings. Our colored brethren have shared the blessing in the addition of thirteen to their number—nine by baptism."

FOREIGN.

RECANTATION OF POPERY.—On Thursday, during divine service at Christ church, Barnwell, three persons renounced the errors of the church of Rome. Rev. J. H. Titcomb preached on the occasion, from Acts 14: 14, showing that the true faith is only to be found in the scriptures of truth. The converts were then commended to the earnest prayers of the congregation. They subscribed their names to the roll which contained the questions they had been answering.—*London Paper.*

CONVERTS FROM POPERY.—Last Sunday in the Canongate Free Church (Rev. Mr. Nisbet's) the interesting spectacle was witnessed of five converts from Popery partaking for the first time of the Lord's Supper in connection with the Protestant Church. On the previous Thursday, they were publicly examined in the presence of the congregation on the cardinal truths of Christianity, and made a solemn renunciation of the errors of Popery, as contained in the creed of Pope Pius IV. The examination was highly satisfactory, and the whole scene produced a deep and we trust an abiding impression on all who had the privilege of witnessing it. We read of "the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ," and we hope that these may be the first fruits of a glorious harvest of souls yet to be gathered from among the deluded victims of Popery in the crowded districts of our city.—*Edinburg Witness.*

MORE CONVERTS.—The London *Church and State Gazette* says:—

"We are glad to announce a circumstance that will be interesting to many of our readers—that twenty-seven Roman Catholics, consisting of men and women, publicly renounced the errors of Popery at the church of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, on the evening of Sunday, February 22. The former converts made here are very sincere and express themselves much happier now that they hold the Protestant faith.

"While on this subject we have pleasure in since filled the post of chaplain to the Pope, but has since been officiating conjointly with Rev. W. S. Agar, at the Roman Catholic chapel, Lyme to abjure Romanism, and on the ensuing Sabbath, to attend the parish church; also that Mr. W. Blandy, of Chesterfield, who recently resigned the office of minister of the independent meeting-house in that town, is about to take orders in the Established Church."

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR—UNKNOWN MARTYRS FOR THE TRUTH.

An obscure and unsatisfactory paragraph, emanating from the sloop "Pantaloon," recently arrived at Portsmouth, announces the death of the Queen of Madagascar, after a lost battle with a rebel chief. Two years ago, this cruel and relentless woman commenced a violent persecution against the Christian people. Deprivation, slavery, and death were inflicted on many by her express orders, and the wives and children of those who suffered death for the testimony of Jesus, were condemned to irredeemable slavery. Some time since, the Directors of the London Missionary Society caused a most interesting document,—the journal of a native Christian, kept through the persecution,—to be in part translated. Were it not that the general ear has been filled with the terrible struggles and the fall of nations in Europe during the same period, this record of faith and suffering for the highest cause, might well have engaged general attention and sympathy. As it is, these really great events are known to very few, and the sympathies of Christians and Christian churches have not been drawn out.

We are so much in the dark respecting the recent civil strife in Madagascar that there can be no opinion offered as to its bearing upon the interests of Christianity.

The following affecting enumeration is from the journal referred to above:—

"18 persons put to death, viz., four by burning, and fourteen by being thrown over the rock.

"6 individuals, whose wives and children were made slaves.

"27 preachers condemned to pay half the value of the persons of their wives and children.

"42 persons who brought back their books, and were to forfeit half the value of their persons and property.

"27 preachers, and those that brought their books back from the province of Vonizongo, were to suffer the same punishment.

"1643 persons were adjudged to pay, as an atonement for the sin of worshiping the true God, three bullocks and three dollars each, but of which sum one-half was remitted.

"109 slaves were condemned to be flogged, with twenty stripes each, before the people, and to work in chains during the remainder of their lives.

"2 persons were condemned to pay fines one of one hundred, and the other of fifty dollars; but one-half of the amount was afterward remitted.

"6 persons, who had been punished before were condemned to work in chains for their lives.

"1 slave for preaching the word, was condemned to work in chains for his life.

"1 slave, taken by the queen's officers, received a similar sentence:

"Making altogether a total of 1903 persons who have been called to suffer the various punishments above indicated, for the alleged crime of having embraced or favored Christianity."

The Directors of the London Missionary Society have received an account of a third journey effected by the Rev. D. Livingstone, in South Africa. The readers of the *Independent* will remember his discovery of the great lake Ngami, with rivers from the North pouring into it, which were thought to open up the interior of the continent. Mr. Livingstone now sends a sketch, "showing what an immense region God in his providence has opened up." The devoted missionary proposes to separate himself from wife and children for two years, in order to make a fair commencement in this remote region.

THE BURMESE EMPIRE.

It seems that the new Governor sent to Rangoon, instead of being a minister of peace, had secret orders from the king to attack the shipping, and in fact to commence war. Unless there be more forbearance than can be fairly reckoned upon, it must now be accounted that a Burmese war has commenced.

LITERARY.

Horticultural.—"The Magazine of Horticulture, Botany, and all Useful Discoveries in Rural Affairs." Edited by C. M. Hovey." New Series, vol. 8. Published in Boston, by Hovey & Co., and in this city by C. M. Saxton, 152 Fulton-street. Monthly. pp. 48. Terms, $2 a year. This is the 18th volume of the work. The January number opens with a retrospective view of the progress of horticulture for the year 1851.

Squier.—"The Province of the American Scholar: an Inaugural Address, by Rev. Miles P. Squier, A.M., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Beloit College." Delivered, July 9, 1851. pp. 37.

Washington.—"A Discourse delivered on the occasion of the Birthday of Washington, before the National Guards of Easton, Pa., in Christ Church, Sabbath morning, Feb. 22, 1852. By Charles Adam Smith, pastor of the church." Published by Joel Munsell, Albany. "On earth peace." The preacher alludes to the Hungarian case, thus:

"In what relation do we stand to such a contest as this? We love freedom, and we sympathize with those who are struggling to obtain it. How then shall we express that sympathy? Shall it be by a simple protest against the unlawful interference of that overgrown despotism, which in the Hungarian case has turned the tide of conquest against the cause of humanity? Or shall we go further than this, and pledge the intervention of our armed forces in behalf of freedom for the future? These are grave questions in all their bearings. Men have rights as men which despotism ought to be made to respect. And if it were certain that an object so desirable could be attained by the intervention of our arms, the foundations of human liberty could be laid on the ruins of despotism in Europe, the end would probably warrant extreme measures. But at this point, while the mind is trying to look at the question in all its complicated bearings and relations, doubts so far prevail as to forbid precipitancy and stamp caution with the name of wisdom."

Mass. S. S. Society.—Three more from that mint, sold also, as usual, by Dodd, viz.:

1. "My Father's God." A Testimony for Religion, addressed particularly to the children of pious parents. 18mo, pp. 108.
2. "The Reaper and the Harvest." Testimony in favor of Sabbath-schools. By a Teacher. pp. 72.
3. "History of Joseph." Written in rhyme. pp. 54.

"Religion, and too much Religion."—A Sermon, by Hiram P. Crozier. Published by the author, 79 Cedar street. We would suggest to all persons of his way of thinking, that it would be a manly thing if they would choose out some region of the world where Protestant Christianity would not stand in their way, and there try the practical efficacy of *their system*, in producing a more virtuous and happy state of society—"not building on other men's foundations."

Ros.—"Bleak House. By Charles Dickens." No. 1 is already published by the Harpers, with illustrations by H. K. Browne. 12mo, pp. 48. Price 12½ cents.

Nights and Mornings.—"Words of Comfort addressed to those who are Sowing in Tears and shall Reap in Joy." By John Dowling, D.D. Published by E. H Fletcher. 18mo, pp. 144.

Heads of the Presidents.—Fowlers and Wells have published a fine sheet with well-engraved heads of all the Presidents, accompanied with phrenological descriptions of their characters.

Littell.—The *Living Age*, No. 410, has a collection of the ablest essays of the British newspapers on "Statesmen and the Press," drawn out by the late denunciations of a free press in the British Parliament.

The Cuban Invasion.—Capt. John Parr, of Virginia, has it in contemplation to publish a book giving a full history of the expedition.

State Library.—The Assembly has passed the bill providing for the completion of the State Library building. It received all the votes but one. Let Massachusetts, with its Legislature assembled—even in its "modern Athens"—present, if it can, such a response to a literary subject.

The Italian War of Eighteen Hundred and Forty-right.—At Boston, Count Louis Kazinski, at the request of several gentlemen, has prepared a lecture upon the two campaigns of 1848 and 1849, in which Charles Albert attempted to achieve the independence of Italy.

The International.—It is said that Harper & Brothers have purchased the subscription list and copy-right of the International Magazine, and that the publication will be merged in Harper's Monthly Magazine. With this addition, Harper's will have a circulation of about one hundred thousand copies.

The Magyar.—"Kossuth and his Generals: with a brief History of Hungary; Select Speeches of Kossuth, &c." By Henry W. De Puy. With an Introduction by Hon. Henry J. Raymond, late Speaker of the New York Assembly, and Editor of the New York *Daily Times*. With portraits, and a map of Hungary. Published by Phinney & Co., Buffalo. Sold in this city by Newman & Ivison, and Pratt, Woodford & Co. 12mo. pp. 408.

Blank Books.—No. I of Dickens's new Serial, for the early copy of which the Harpers paid the author $2,000, is published entire in the Boston *Commonwealth* of Saturday. Price two cents.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.—J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston, published on Saturday Miss Harriet Beecher Stowe's most interesting story, which has become so famous in the columns of the *National Era*.

Gubernatorial Recreations.—Gov. Boutwell was to lecture before the Mount Washington Lyceum, Lyceum Hall, South Boston, on Tuesday evening.

London Journalism.—It is a remarkable fact, that the total number of newspapers and magazines published in London is not greater now than it was twenty years ago. During that period upwards of 200 new newspapers and magazines have been started, and after a struggle of more or less duration, and involving their proprietors in enormous losses, have perished and passed away. It is estimated that only one periodical in a hundred that is begun is ultimately successful; and that even the most successful incur heavy losses for many years. A still more startling fact, which the most experienced positively assert is, that the entire newspaper press of London (with the exception of the *Times*) does not pay its own expenses; that is to say, that the annual loss by all those which do not pay equals the annual profits of all those which yield a profit.

Cousin.—"Course of History of Modern Philosophy. By M. Victor Cousin. Translated by O. W. Wight." Published by Appleton & Company. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 452 and 439. The translator says in his preface:

"M. Cousin's Course of the History of Modern Philosophy is here, for the first time entire, presented to the English reader. It consists of Lectures delivered at Paris in the years 1828-9."

Poem.—"The Story of a Soul; read before the Phi Upsilon Convention, at Hamilton College, July 22, 1851; and repeated before the Albany Young Men's Association, Dec. 29, 1851." By Henry W. Parker. New York: S. W. Benedict, 16 Spruce-street. 8vo. pp. 46. Sold by Evans & Brittain.

The Hutchinsons.—Grace Greenwood writes from Washington—

"The Hutchinsons have been giving some very brilliant concerts in our city. Their music has lost none of its peculiar attractions—its simplicity, freshness, harmony, and heartiness. It is as healthful, as emotional, as direct and democratic as ever."

At Baltimore, also, they were well received, notwithstanding the issue of an atrocious handbill, of which this is a part:

"It is a well known fact that these noted abolitionists have figured conspicuously at the various abolition meetings at the North, in some instances opening the meetings by singing a song breathing fanatical sentiment. Citizens of Baltimore! are you willing to be insulted by a band of abolitionists, singing strains of fanaticism?"

The Baltimoreans were so reckless of the "Constitution," and so lost to a sense of the value of the "Union," that there was not even a dog to disturb the concert. What next?

Editorial Apology.—One of the veterans of the editorial host thus soothes a correspondent who inquires, What had become of his communication:

"We laid it aside for revision and correction, as we are repeatedly obliged to do with communications received by us. They need more correction than we are able to bestow upon them at the time of their reception, and they are laid aside for a season of more leisure; and from the press of other articles sent to us properly prepared, and our daily editorial cares, they are sometimes overlooked until they become too stale for publication; some do not spoil by keeping, and are sent out months after their reception."

Neander on James.—"The Epistle of James, practically explained, by Dr. Augustus Neander." Translated from the German, by Mrs. M. H. Conant. Published by Lewis Colby, 122 Nassau street. 12mo. pp. 115.

Readers.—"The Student's Series. Fourth Reading Book, designed for advanced classes in schools." By J. S. Denman, Author of the Student's Speaker. Published by Pratt, Woodford & Co., 4 Cortland street. 12mo. pp. 336. Too large a proportion of descriptive and didactic pieces to make anything but dull readers.

"Household Words." Published weekly, by Angell, Engel, & Hewit, Tribune Buildings. $2.50 a year.

FOREIGN.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLAND, March 5, 1852.

THE TORY AND PROTECTIONIST MINISTRY—LEAGUERS, REFORMERS, AND THE ARISTOCRACY.

Public affairs are in a curious fix just now. Where we are, or whither we shall move, when movement commences, it is not easy to say. Not a little amusement has been extracted out of the process of cabinet making, and the materials employed; but now that the laughers have had their turn over "Benjamin's (Disraeli) mess," five times greater than any previous ministerial mess, sundry grave questions present themselves, in the extraordinary "concatenation accordingly" into which things are brought.

The "Protectionist" ministry have abolished the word from their vocabulary. Time and forbearance is asked; and fairness, justice and loyalty appealed to, in support of the demand. That is to say,—parliament is asked to vote the supplies, and to give full power and free play to the executive; and so afford full time and opportunity to consolidate and combine against the country before, appealing to the fraction of the community, which, in ministerial and parliamentary language, is called "the country."

The Earl of Derby's speech on formal assumption of office, was eloquent and impressive, and withal highly characteristic. It had undoubtedly weighted on the overwhelming difficulties and self-imposed interests of office; he had also weighed the *more* awful responsibility, if from personal feelings he left the Queen and the country in the present times without an administration. Evidently the noble lord apprehended that chaos would come again in this country, if neither he nor Lord John Russell could hold the government. He desired to see maintained the blessings of peace, and would make every effort to avert the horrors of war. But he would vigorous and disciplined "domestic forces." Free and tranquil under our own institutions, "we are, as we have always been—and God forbid that we should ever cease to be—an ark of refuge for those whose misfortunes have driven them as exiles from their own homes to seek protection here." But it was the bounden duty of exiles not to abuse the rights of hospitality, by organizing here against their own country.

Addressing himself to the great question, that of Free Trade, the noble lord took up a position behind the American tariff! The haughty opponent of fui and the parliamentary representative of the people, and whose "country" is 800,000 electors—grouped in a manner adapted to make representation a farce—did not shrink from appealing for support to Republican legislation, which he did in these terms:

"Your lordships will forgive me if I contrast, not in detail, but if I merely contrast the system which prevails with regard to the customs in this country with that which I have heard lauded as the high free-trade tariff of the United States of America. That tariff levies on almost all imports duties more or less extensive, duties in some respects to a great and oppressive extent; but in almost every instance levies those duties principally and avowedly on those articles which enter into competition with the produce of their own soil, and the produce of their own industry. My lords, we appear to me to have proceeded recently on a different principle for while we admit the produce of foreign soil and labor which do so enter into competition, we load with an inordinate amount of taxation a certain small number of articles of immense extent of consumption, entering directly into the necessary consumption of the masses of the community."

The particular reference here is to tea and tobacco. He then, in further illustration, put forth a "fact," exhibiting an ignorance so gross as to be perfectly incredible in a man of so great ability and long administrative experience. He argued, that while tea, the whole of which was imported, was raised in price by the whole amount of the tax, other articles, a portion of which only were imported, were *not* so enhanced in price, but only the imported portion! The noble lord does not perceive that five shillings tax on foreign corn adds five shillings to the price to the consumer of every quarter raised in England; just as every ton of iron and every yard of cloth, manufactured in America, has its price determined by the price of the imported articles after the tax on them has been paid.

For the rest, he will have no parliamentary reform; and Education he would hand over to the clergy of the Established Church, who would educate the people into a nation of posture-mongers and ritualists. Two significant facts marked the discussion which followed: the Earl of Aberdeen, who by prescription and reputation should have been the Tory Minister of Foreign Affairs, declared his "determined adherence to the policy of Sir Robert Peel;"—a "determination, as far as in my humble power lies, to carry out the great commercial system which he established." He declared emphatically that the time was past when a tax on corn could be levied. While the old conservative lord thus displayed the advance which he and some of his order have made, another was hardly to be accounted as chief and most powerful of aristocratic liberals, showed as palpable a piece of opinion, at least among reformers, has passed beyond the point to which the Whig aristocracy were willing to lead it. Earl Fitzwilliam said:

"He thought that further reforms were most dangerous, and would produce a most evil impression on the minds of a very large section of the community. He believed that a very large section of the community would prefer, under such circumstances, to live under a mild and a benevolent despotism. (Loud laughter, amid which the noble earl emphatically repeated the sentence.) He did not say all of them, but a large portion, would be of opinion that it was better to live under a despotic form of government than to be continually discussing constitutional rights."

There is more of truth in the opinions of this Whig magnate than most would be willing to admit. "Hard liberty," enervating wealth, with the anxious and selfish spirit of trade, do not march together; and this will be seen in the movements which are impending.

The anti-corn law league has been revived. Its leading members met and summoned their friends, *not* in London but at Manchester, on the 3d. It was resolved *not* to give time, which meant probably a long campaign, but to give battle at once. The Queen was memorialized to dissolve the Parliament; and in a few minutes a subscription list reaching near £25,000, was announced. Mr. Villiers, the old parliamentary leader, will move a testing resolution upon the re-assembling after the adjournment. Before then Lord John Russell will meet the liberal members of the House of Commons for consultation.

The League will *not* deal with causes but with effects. It will not ask, Why is it?—whence the power which renders it necessary to re-organize against men who dare attempt to impose a rent-raising tax on the food of the people? The League does not raise the question of representation, though at this hour are seen bread-taxing ministers of state and their subordinates, going off to obscure and dependent boroughs, or to counties entirely dominated by landlords for "election." The League fights for its one object: it deals with the symptom only; and the course is prudent and expedient, but that and even the most successful incur heavy losses for many years. A still more startling fact, which the most experienced positively assert is, that the entire newspaper press of London (with the exception of the *Times*) does not pay its own expenses; that is to say, that the annual loss by all those which do not pay equals the annual profits of all those which yield a profit.

Cousin.—"Course of History of Modern Philosophy. By M. Victor Cousin. Translated by O. W. Wight." Published by Appleton & Company. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 452 and 439. The translator says in his preface:

"M. Cousin's Course of the History of Modern Philosophy is here, for the first time entire, presented to the English reader. It consists of Lectures delivered at Paris in the years 1828-9."

Poem.—"The Story of a Soul; read before the Phi Upsilon Convention, at Hamilton College, July 22, 1851; and repeated before the Albany Young Men's Association, Dec. 29, 1851." By Henry W. Parker. New York: S. W. Benedict, 16 Spruce-street. 8vo. pp. 46. Sold by Evans & Brittain.

The Hutchinsons.—Grace Greenwood writes from Washington—

"The Hutchinsons have been giving some very brilliant concerts in our city. Their music has lost none of its peculiar attractions—its simplicity, freshness, harmony, and heartiness. It is as healthful, as emotional, as direct and democratic as ever."

At Baltimore, also, they were well received, notwithstanding the issue of an atrocious handbill, of which this is a part:

"It is a well known fact that these noted abolitionists have figured conspicuously at the various abolition meetings at the North, in some instances opening the meetings by singing a song breathing fanatical sentiment. Citizens of Baltimore! are you willing to be insulted by a band of abolitionists, singing strains of fanaticism?"

The Baltimoreans were so reckless of the "Constitution," and so lost to a sense of the value of the "Union," that there was not even a dog to disturb the concert. What next?

Editorial Apology.—One of the veterans of the editorial host thus soothes a correspondent who inquires, What had become of his communication:

"We laid it aside for revision and correction, as we are repeatedly obliged to do with communications received by us. They need more correction than we are able to bestow upon them at the time of their reception, and they are laid aside for a season of more leisure; and from the press of other articles sent to us properly prepared, and our daily editorial cares, they are sometimes overlooked until they become too stale for publication; some do not spoil by keeping, and are sent out months after their reception."

Neander on James.—"The Epistle of James, practically explained, by Dr. Augustus Neander." Translated from the German, by Mrs. M. H. Conant. Published by Lewis Colby, 122 Nassau street. 12mo. pp. 115.

Readers.—"The Student's Series. Fourth Reading Book, designed for advanced classes in schools." By J. S. Denman, Author of the Student's Speaker. Published by Pratt, Woodford & Co., 4 Cortland street. 12mo. pp. 336. Too large a proportion of descriptive and didactic pieces to make anything but dull readers.

"Household Words." Published weekly, by Angell, Engel, & Hewit, Tribune Buildings. $2.50 a year.

GENERAL NEWS.

From Washington.—The correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes under date of March 19th:

At length one important bill, the bill making land warrants assignable—a bill which early in the session passed one House, but was checked by amendments in the other—has been the subject of conference, and only awaits the signature of the President to become a law. The consequence will be, that the class of warrants to which the bill applies, will rise in the market.

The claim of the owners of the Amistad, for compensation for their property in the negro slaves captured on board of that vessel, has been brought again before Congress.

The intervention question is still alive in the Senate, and the debate upon it is to be continued next week by Mr. Soule, and probably by Mr. Butler, should he return in time. There is no hurry as to taking the question on declarative resolutions offered by Mr. Clark, and Mr. Cass, and perhaps it will not be taken at all. The Irish intervention resolutions appear to have been lost sight of.

It is quite certain that the Mexican government has determined to resist the grant to Garay, and that they will take means to prevent the Tehuantepec Company from prosecuting their work.

The House presents an absurd position in regard to business. The standing committees have not been called for reports for six weeks. The labors of the committees go for nothing, and they are becoming negligent of attention to further business.

The Senate committees are quite disorganized and broken up by the absence of members. If the finance committee can be kept together it will be as much as can be expected.

Grapes.—A merchant of this city is importing a large quantity of vines of the "Grapes of Asti"—the finest vines of Italy, from Piedmont, fitted to stand this climate well. To any purchaser who should take a considerable quantity, the proprietor would warrant them by special contract through a winter. There are many obvious reasons why it is quite desirable to increase the variety of choice and hardy grapes among us. Colonel Forbes, 14 College Place, will receive orders for these vines.

The Lawrence (Mass.) *Sentinel* states that "one of the most enlightened clergymen" of that place, "has recently become a writing medium."

Fast-day in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, April 8th,—in Connecticut, April 9th.

A publishing house of this city announces its intention of putting to press an American edition of the political works of Louis Napoleon.

The Hudson River railroad passenger train which left New York at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, for Albany, ran over two rocks during the passage—loosened from the embankments by the action of the frost.

The returned Cuban prisoners wear a small blue ribbon, attached to a piece of black crape, on the left breast of the

Editors' Cable.

A COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. By Moses Stuart, lately Professor of Sacred Literature, in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. New York: J. M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel. 1852.

Before this volume had issued from the press, an event universally deplored by the literary and the Christian world had transformed the title of the author from "Moses Stuart, lately Professor" into "the late Professor Moses Stuart." Yet the associations of that little adjective "late," are on some accounts less painful than those of the adverb "lately," that was for some time prefixed to the title of the venerable Professor. Dr. Adams in his admirable eulogy upon Professor Stuart, spoke as his affectionate intimacy with the deceased warranted him to speak, of the wound inflicted upon that generous and sensitive nature by the manner in which the Trustees of the Seminary accepted his resignation. That high sense of honor for which Professor Stuart was distinguished—his magnanimous disregard of personal comfort and emolument, when these appeared even in the slightest degree to conflict with the interests of others or with the claims of the cause of Christ as identified with his beloved Seminary—led him, contrary to the judgment of his friends, and without any pressing emergency of sickness, to tender in some conditional form his resignation of the office he had filled for forty years, but for the duties of which he was occasionally disabled by the increasing infirmities of age. That resignation was *unconditionally* accepted, and instead of an Emeritus appointment with occasional duties and an adequate salary, a meager stipend was voted to the retiring Professor, which did not half suffice for his support and left him in sickness and old age, to the perplexity of pecuniary embarrassment. Professor Stuart's salary was never so ample as to allow him to anticipate the future, and such works as he published, while they are invaluable to the purchaser and perhaps profitable to the publisher, are never lucrative to the author. That little word "lately" always seemed a stigma upon the institution at Andover, and as the *Home Journal* pithily suggests, till that is effaced, Andover should be pronounced with the English aspirate.

There is a painful impression upon opening the book, as one reads in the first paragraph of the Preface, "A kind Providence has spared my life, when I had little reason to expect its continuance," and then sees directly opposite the announcement, "Entered by J. W. Stuart, *Executor*." Yet is not this a striking illustration of what the Spirit hath said of them that die in the Lord—that "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them"? What a comment also upon the freshness and the compass of the Word of God, its inexhaustible life, and richness, and power, that the scholar of three-score years and ten may still bend over its pages with unabated ardor, and with ever increasing reverence and delight;—that the life-long discipline of an acute and vigorous mind is but a preparation for interpreting in the simplest form what the Lord hath spoken through his inspired servants.

But we have been betrayed into a notice of Professor Stuart rather than of his work. This, however, needs nothing more than an announcement to recommend it to every Biblical student. It was the last labor of a most diligent and prayerful student of the Holy Scriptures, a labor, performed not drudgingly and with decaying powers, but with all the sprightly vigor of earlier years, guided by the matured judgment and experience of the lecture-room, and by a household familiarity with the Hebrew tongue. The commentary is modeled after that on Ecclesiastes which immediately preceded it, and is characterized by that learned research, acute discrimination, elaborate disquisition, impartial candor, apt expression, and earnest devotion, that mark all the commentaries of the author. The Introduction, which embraces about one-third of the volume, is complete in all that pertains to the history, the analysis, and the literature of the book. The commentary is simply explanatory of the text—a "grammatico-historical exogesis"—and furnishes to the preacher just the foundation he needs for instruction and exhortation.

Prof. Stuart regards the book of Proverbs as a compilation of proverbs current among the Hebrew people, selected, digested, and arranged by Solomon and others. In accordance with this view he makes a remark touching the character of the Hebrew nation which is well worthy of note. The book, he says, "is a picture—a vivid picture—of *the internal Hebrew man*; of his genius, feelings, practical reasonings, morals, industry, social condition, internal relations, comity, and, in a word, of the whole state of the Hebrews, and their rank among the society of nations. What is generally popular and approved among the masses of any people, must be that which is congruous with their civil, social, and moral condition. . . . All the heathen moralists and proverbialists join together cannot furnish us with one such book as that of the Proverbs in the Sacred Scriptures."

BEECHER'S WORKS.—Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, have issued the second volume of the WORKS OF LYMAN BEECHER, D.D., as the author is now revising them for a uniform edition. In noticing the first volume we spoke at length of the importance of this undertaking and of the obligations of the Christian public for it to the publishers. These are works, not for the library of the theologian merely, but for the table of the plainest Christian, and like Nelson's work on infidelity for general circulation among all classes. More than almost any works in the English language, they bring down the great themes of Christianity to the common mind and heart, and urge home those themes with potent logic and burning eloquence, in the language of the people. The first volume, embracing the discourses on Skepticism and on Intemperance, was appropriately dedicated to the *working men* of the United States. We wish that that volume might be widely circulated among the active, thinking masses of the people, especially at the West. It would be a safeguard to multitudes against infidelity and vice; it would give a moral tone and consistency to the forces that must control the destiny of our nation. Will not some liberal and patriotic Christian employ the channels of colportage, or some like facility, for diffusing this volume over the whole land?

The second volume contains several of the author's most memorable sermons; among which are those on Dueling, the Reformation of Morals, the Bible a Code of Laws, and the Government of God desirable. These occasional discourses have all been published before; but every one will desire to possess them in their present compact and convenient form.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens.

Harper & Brothers have issued in a neat duodecimo of 48 pages, the first instalment of Dickens's work, for the advance sheets of which they have paid $2000. Of course this number does not carry the reader far enough into the story, to judge of its significance or its merits; but its opening is full of promise, and the High Court of Chancery is likely to suffer as it progresses. One devours this number at a sitting, and, like Oliver, "asks for more." We give one or two passages in the author's best vein:

"Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the water-side pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes; fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier brigs; fog lying out in the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog dropping in the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the fireides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds. . . . The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery. . . . This is the Court of Chancery; which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire; which has its worn-out lunatic in every mad-house, and its dead in every church-yard; which has its ruined suitor, with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress, borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance; which gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right; which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope; so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart; that there is not an honorable man among its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning, Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here!"

For the Independent.

PHŒBUS TO PHEBE.

SUNRISE, March 11, 1852.

DEAR SISTER PHEBE:—That the publishing committee of the A. S. S. Union should send forth "Sunnyside," without, at least, another cautionary marginal note, surprises me: that you should call it a "gem" distresses me beyond measure.

What *could* you be thinking of? Did it not occur to you in reading the story, that the purchase of that splendid cloak, of an extravagant ward, without the knowledge of his guardian, for a third of its value, the price to go in payment, as we are led to suppose, for cigars, and oysters, and wine, and possibly other things which I will not name in writing to you—things, at best, of which the guardian must be kept uninformed: did it not occur to you, my dear sister, with your delicate moral perceptions, that it was hardly a "fair business transaction?" That the *pattern*; *Mrs. Edwards* should have raked and scraped twelve dollars together, because "the chance might never occur again"—"the chance," that is of profiting by the extravagance and possibly vices of a young spendthrift, by aiding him in blinding the old hunks his guardian! Oh, Mrs. Edwards! and oh! sister Phebe!

It is a charitable supposition, very, that the writer meant to show what "strange" contrivances "misery makes us acquainted with"—what shifts and turns poverty will drive even a good minister's wife to.

If so, she has, in this instance, succeeded.

But I do think that the learned and reverend committee aforesaid ought, at least, to have guarded the transaction as carefully as they did the far less dubious one where Henry leaves college without the consent of his parents. At all events, I hope that Southern readers will not suppose that all New England pastors and their wives are ready to buy cloaks as cheap.

If not "a gem," the book is a pretty book; but it reminds me of what poor Nordheimer used to say, "*Vaf* is a veak letter."

Your affectionate brother, PHŒBUS.

PRACTICAL.

For the Independent.

THE "MANY MANSIONS."

John 14: 2.

We had lost a friend. Her death had that calm and golden radiance, that settled stillness of a clear and sweet transition, which belongs to the going down of the sun, when no clouds attend him to his setting, and he fills all the wide air with his silent glow, and into all hearts flows the one feeling of brightness and peace. "So gently shuts the eye of day." That foretaste of the Eternal Peace, that unuttered and deep-calming rapture filled out her wasted features with the freshness and fullness of health and new life. Heaven was in her brightened eye. "It cannot be for us," said a daughter of kindred spirit, pointing to the luminous smile which Death had left untouched, "it must have been for JESUS, when she met Him where we left her." So Grace was perfected in Glory, sainted spirit! She had passed to the great company who have entered on the Inheritance of Blessedness. There are many there, she loved to mention with appreciative and glowing anticipations, and whom we knew she would peculiarly love to meet. That tireless thirst for the contemplation of all Excellence,—intellectually vigorous, and tender with heart-sympathy—which had been a characteristic, would now be satisfied. It had tinged all her thoughts, guided her reading, her friendships, her associations, and now it had gone within her into the Eternal and Heavenly Communion. We wondered if the holy and happy dead choose their associates hereafter, and we thought of the "many mansions."

"What are we permitted to believe?" asked Glaucus, "that there are circles of kindred spirits in heaven as on earth? Does the plural in this expression of our Lord sanction such an impression, of which my mind cannot divest itself?"

"There is certainly nothing in Scripture," said Euphranor, "which directly contradicts this. And if our Lord's language does not bear that meaning as an obvious one, it may comprehend it; for often, when uttering some elementary truth fitted for the immediate wants of His disciples, He *so* spake that more profound and recondite truths were also enveloped in His meaning; and the richer and more various the attainments of saints, the more they find in His words. If, as many think, *abundant room* in His Father's House is the chief meaning of 'many mansions,' and His principal design was to comfort His disciples in the anticipated loss of all earthly comfort and support, by the thought that there was room for them in heaven, this may be in many apartments as well as in one. And Luke 16: 9 seems to favor this; there is a plural there also, 'into everlasting habitations.'"

"Perhaps, too," Glaucus answered, "the last part of John 14: 2 is more favorable than the first to this view. *If* he merely meant, 'there is room for you in my Father's House,' why should he add, 'I go to prepare a place' *i. e., make* room 'for you,' *i. e.*, to secure an entrance. He does not indeed say, 'I go to make ready one of these mansions (*μονὰι*) for you.' But is not the term he uses (*τόπος*, a spot, a situation) an equivalent? The explanation of an American writer, 'though I go to heaven, and you remain on earth, we are only in apartments of the same house,' seems to me inapt and far-fetched. He was turning their thoughts away from earth entirely, and had said, 'Whither I go, ye cannot come,' which even Peter understood, for he asked, 'Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?' The thought, 'I am going to one apartment of my Father's House, but be not afraid; it is in another apartment of the same house I leave you,' seems incongruous, and the comparison not one of natural suggestion."

"Being left among unchristianized Jews," replied Euphranor, "with none of whom they could sympathize, even if they believed some of the nation were 'Israelites indeed,' this language might have suggested to them, as they meditated on it afterwards, that they would be permitted to associate and sympathize together, hereafter, in some mansion of the Heavenly House, in their Lord's loved presence. Christians of peculiar sympathies have such views now, when they observe others whom they doubt not to be good men, but who are not kindred and like-minded with themselves. They would tire to be always with them; though it might be profitable to be sometimes. I should have expected the appreciative and delicate-thoughted John, at least, to think of this."

"We ought to guard against earthly ideas," returned Glaucus, "in thinking of the heavenly society. Even if our Lord had the chambers of the Temple,—his Father's Earthly House—in mind, or the custom of kings, of assigning rooms in and about the palace to guests, we must not conceive a material separation, as a wall or partition. All is spiritual in heaven, and fitted to spiritual bodies. Yet on the other hand, the conception of heaven as a great common space, a public audience hall and place of worship, in which the saints are all and always together, repels me. Why may it not spread through many worlds? Why may not the saints be sent abroad, hereafter, sometimes for spiritual improvement and ministries of love? If kindred spirits meet and mingle in circles of peculiar sympathies, it cannot be in exclusive and isolated circles. Variety, too, will be necessary to the holiest and happiest state; we shall need sometimes to mingle with glorified servants of Christ, whom from mutual differences of talent, temperament, habit and experience, we could not appreciate here; we shall need, in order to advance in joy, sometimes to taste of other joys than those we can most relish."

"There is something in the human mind," added Euphranor, "which obliges it to anticipate some such distribution of the celestial society. We cannot think of the Apostles as scattered among the 'multitude which no man can number.' Of necessity we think of them as together. So we associate Paul, and Luther, and Knox, and John, and Melancthon, and Neander, and Calvin, and Edwards, and Martyn, and Brainard. Little missionary bands whose hearts grew into each other in years of labor and trial, and sweet Christian families, luminous and beautiful with the same traits of nature and of grace, will come together by an original law of mind, which Christ did not abolish. One thought is painful,—those who associate with more eminent saints here, may find that moral affinities will carry them to other associates. But there are grades of advancement in the same line of excellence, and among those most kindred,—and so this will have its equivalent, for all will find some drawn to them with whom they could not mingle here."

The conversation here ended, but each friend carried away with him happy thoughts.

MATHER.

For the Independent.

REV. SETH WILLISTON, D.D.

"I want you to cast all your sins, and doubts, and fears on Christ, and feel that he is an ocean of love."

Soon after I entered the ministry, I became acquainted with one of the most godly men that I ever knew. He had long been in the school of Christ and had been taught by him the way, the truth, and the life. I often wished that I might know the history of the man, who seemed to enjoy the calm, sweet sunlight of his Savior's countenance daily. At length an opportunity occurred, and I asked him to give me his history. To this he most cheerfully assented. A part of his history was something like this: Soon after he became hopefully pious, he got into darkness. He cast away his confidence which hath great recompense of reward. He had not as much feeling as he thought he ought to have had when he became a Christian, and therefore he greatly doubted whether he had ever truly consecrated himself to God. He was afraid to go to the communion-table, lest he should bring "damnation" upon himself. He lived as a great many others do, having just about religion enough to make him miserable.

At length, he said, "Did you ever know a minister in the State of New York by the name of Williston?" I told him that I had heard Mr. Williston preach once. "Well," said he, "he was the man, under God, that did me good. I lived at that time in the State of New York, near Canandaigua. It was about the year eighteen hundred, two or three, I don't remember exactly. One afternoon, while I was engaged in rolling logs, there came a boy and told us that a missionary would preach at the house of one of my neighbors that afternoon. We concluded to go. I don't remember much about the sermon, but one anecdote. It seemed that he had been a missionary on the shore of one of the lakes. While there he had found a woman in as near the same state of mind as I had told you that I was in as could be. He called one day, and having heard her story about her 'doubts and fears,' said, 'Suppose you go down to the shore of this lake and take up a stone and throw it into the lake, do you suppose that you will ever see it again?' She said, 'No. Not till the lake is dried up.' 'You could remember,' said he, 'how it looked, could you not?' 'Yes, I could remember that forever.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will tell you what I want you to do. I want you to cast all your sins and doubts and fears on Christ, and feel that he is an ocean of love. Look to him long by faith. Cast all your sins on him as you would cast a stone into this lake. You may remember how they look, but that you will remember in eternity.' The story did the woman a great deal of good. When the minister saw her last, she was about as happy as she could be. I stayed till he had got through with the story, and the application," continued father G., "and then I started for the woods. I rolled in agony, and wept and prayed for hours, till at length I felt that I had cast all my sins, and doubts, and fears on Christ, and found him an ocean of love to my soul. My joy was inexpressible. I have been a great sinner in my day. since then, but I know what my remedy is. I don't keep a load of sin weighing me down and crushing me in the dust, as I used to, but I go and cast it on Christ, and I find him daily an ocean of love."

Thus the man lived an honor to the cause of Christ, and a blessing to the world in his day and generation.

This anecdote has been the means, under God, of doing a great amount of good. Hundreds of inquiring sinners have been led to the Savior through its influence, and thousands of the professed followers of Christ have been led by it to cast all their doubts and fears and sins on Christ, and have felt that he was an ocean of love to their souls. It shows why impenitent sinners do not become Christians; and it shows why many professors "go mourning all their days." Dr. Williston, "though dead, yet speaketh."

S. A. RAWSON.

BURNS, N. Y., *March*, 1852.

The Savior a Refuge in Affliction.

When dark before me seems the night,
And sorrow comes with withering blight;
Oh, then, dear Savior, let me flee,
And find a refuge safe in Thee.

When storms arise, and grief doth roll
Its bitter waters o'er my soul;
Oh then in Thee will I confide,
And safely in Thy bosom hide.

When life's best hopes at noon grow pale,
And earthly joys before me fail;
Then bleeding, torn, to Thee I'll fly,
And find Thy blessing ever nigh.

Through all the scenes of earthly woe,
When storms arise and tempests blow;
Oh, then, to Thy blest arms I'll flee,
And find my refuge, Lord, in Thee.

S. E. D.

From the American Messenger.

Prayer Heard.

On Thursday, the 22d of January, I attended the funeral of De Witt Hunt, of the New York University, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." The stricken mother, who, the preceding week, had buried her other son, "and much people of the city with her," entered the place where she and her children had been accustomed to worship, and there Jesus met her, and said to her, "Weep not;" and, in the sweet persuasion that her children *lived*, her bleeding heart was stanched, and her tears dried.

De Witt Hunt was a son of the late Rev. Christopher Hunt, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin street, of pleasant memory. His mother is the sister of a veteran missionary, the Rev. Dr. Scudder, now of Madras. During the funeral services, the officiating pastor held in his hand and read from a letter written by Dr. Scudder, November 12, 1851, in which he says:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:—Harriet received your letter by the last steamer. I have not the least evidence from that letter that you love the Savior, for you do not even refer to him. On this account, I may perhaps be warranted in coming to my conclusion that He is not much in your thoughts. Be this, however, as it may, I have become so much alarmed about your spiritual condition as to make you a special subject of prayer—as to set you apart for this purpose; and I design, God willing, to pray for you in a special manner, until about the time when this letter should reach you—that is, about two months. After that, I can make you no promise that I shall pray for you, any further than I may pray for my friends in general. I have now set apart a little season to pray for you, and to write to you.

"Do you wonder at this? Has it never occurred to you *as a very strange thing*, that others should be so much concerned for you, while you are unconcerned for yourself? I can explain the mystery. It is this. Your pious friends have seen you, and your uncle, among the rest, has seen you walking over the pit of destruction on a rotten covering, as it were, liable at every moment to fall through it and drop into everlasting burnings. *This* you have not seen, and therefore you have remained so careless and indifferent. Whether this carelessness and indifference will continue, of course, I know not. All that I can say is, that I am greatly alarmed about you. It is no small thing for you to trample under foot the blood of Christ for *eighteen* years. It is no small thing to spend eighteen years in rebellion against God. Justly might the Savior say of you, as he said of the people of old, 'Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone.' Your treatment of the blessed Savior is what grieves me to the heart. What has he not done to save you? Were you to fall into a well, and a stranger should run to your help and take you out, that stranger would, for ever afterwards, be esteemed as your best friend. Nothing could be too much for you to do for him. Of nothing would you be more cautious than of grieving him. And has Christ come down from heaven to save you? Has he died for you? Has he shed his very blood for you, in order that you might be delivered from the worm that dieth not, and from the fire which is never quenched? And can you be so ungrateful, so wicked, as not to love him? My dear nephew, this will not do: it must not do. You must alter your course. But I will stop writing for a moment, and kneel down and entreat God's mercy for *you*. I will endeavor to present the sacrifice of my Redeemer at the throne of grace, and see if I cannot for this once obtain the blessing of the Holy Spirit of God upon you."

"This youth, always of correct deportment, studious habits, dutiful and affectionate," added the pastor, "on the 27th of November, called on me under concern of mind, and opened up the feelings of his heart. Gradually, and after no small conflict, he found peace, professed the Savior's name, and, before his departure, in the house of God, took his place at the table of his Lord, and over the emblems of his love commemorated his death."

The last days of his life were perfect peace. He sleeps in Jesus. Thus, while the man of God wrote and prayed in Madras, the Spirit descended upon this dear youth in New York, and at the end of the two months of special prayer, he needed prayer no longer. Can unbelief explain this? "It is not a vain thing to call upon God." K.

A Touching Scene.

Though Providence has called the writer to attend very many funerals, even to the number of twelve in a single week, in a few instances, and that, too, under all classes of circumstances, from the highest affluence to the lowest poverty, and has often caused his heart to be sorely tried on many occasions, he has rarely experienced precisely such emotions as flowed forth from his breast at the funerals of the brethren, Cornelius Burnet and John Newell, late of this city. Such emotions were excited, not because they were his especial friends, nor because they were members of his church, they were neither: but because their ardent devotion, for many years, to the sufferings of the oppressed, drew out a large collection of our colored population to make great lamentations over them at their burial. It was truly affecting to see them come up, in long array, one after another, weeping bitter tears of sorrow, as they were compelled to take their last farewell and turn away, with swelling bosoms, sighing for anguish, that another heart often so deeply moved by human woe, was now cold in death. At the funeral of brother Nuchols, Dr. Brisbane and the Rev. D. Bryant officiated. He was an old citizen, though in the midst of life, had been a zealous Christian, and among many acts of charity, had labored for the prisoners in the county jail for ten years, every Lord's day. Oh, when will man break off the shackles of caste, and see in every man a brother and a friend!—*Journal and Messenger.*

Pepper Dust: Confscience before Profit.

Grocers have never enjoyed an immaculate reputation in the matter of adulterating goods. Not a few of their most costly wares are capable of easy imitation. Conscience is generally trained to the posture habitual to the trade. Of course the grocer has exceedingly good reasons for his apprentices, why they should adulterate. Yet if he went to the draper and found that for linen he had bought a mixture of cotton and flax, he would call the draper a cheat. Or if he found that the silversmith had sold him plated spoons for silver spoons, he would call him a cheat. It is only, you see, in his own line of business that such strong reasons exist for doing a little deception. In Mr. Budgett's early days, pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade, universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop, there was a cask labeled P. D., containing something very like pepper dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place amongst the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night; but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it forth to the quarry, then staved it and scattered P. D. among the clods and slag and stones. He returned with a light heart. But he recollected that he had left the staves of the cask in the quarry, and as there was no use to let them go to waste, his first act in the morning was to return and gather them up.

Now, ye busy shopmen, and ye, more lordly merchants, say, before the only witness who beheld that act under the night heaven, have you no P. D. which ought to be scattered before you go to sleep? Your thoughts turns toward something; you were taught it; men verify it in the way justify it; you are able to laugh others out of their scruples about it; you argue with yourself till it appears "fair enough;" but do for once just go to your private room, and sit down and think. Be rational for a moment or two; do not refuse to converse alone with your conscience and your God; ay, go down upon your knees and pray for light, for it is no small matter to be doing wrong. You may smile as you may gloss it over, you may "pooh-pooh" warning; but wrong is wrong, and there is a Judge above us; wrong is wrong, and it will find you out. Be sure this world is not a lawless common, where all who can may plunder, and go harmless: it is a kingdom with a strong, just King, whose laws cannot be broken, whose subjects cannot be ill-treated in his sight without bringing upon the offender a becoming punishment.

This world of ours contains a great deal of P. D. The ship-owner has a ship which has become too old to carry sugar from the West Indies without damaging it by leakage: so he fits her out as a passenger ship, and advertises her for Sydney as "the well-known, favorite, fast-sailing ship;" and that is P. D. The corn merchant has a cargo damaged in a gale at sea; but as the underwriters will not pay unless the captain can swear that the vessel struck, the merchant, who was snug in his bed when the gale blew, tries to show the captain very conclusively that, just off Flamborough Head, the keel did actually touch the ground, and that therefore he may safely take the requisite oath: and that is P. D. The private banker who feels that he is sinking, takes a finer house, starts an additional carriage, and sets up for a member of parliament, that people may think he scarcely knows what to do with his money; and that is P. D. The director of a joint-stock bank who sees that the concern is hollow, sells out his own shares, but retains his place till the three years during which he is liable are past, that no one else may take fright; and this is P. D. The shareholder gets up a rumor that the Petty-borough railway is going to be amalgamated with the Great Central line; and this is P. D. The warehouseman is standing by a parcel of goods which have been on his hands for some weeks; a customer enters and is received with smiles. "Are these new?" "The latest things we have—just out; in fact I almost thought you would look in to-day, and have this moment had the parcel opened for you:" and that is P. D. The glove seller is asked for Dent's gloves, and produces you an article which never passed through Dent's hands or cost Dent's price. "These are not Dent's." "I beg your pardon, they are Dent's best; I bought them there myself;" and that is P. D. If you go on you will be astonished how P. D. is in most places; in books, at the board of cabinet councils, in senates, in journals, in the landlord's office, in the farmer's market-room, in the milkman's pail, in the undertaker's plumes, in the druggist's vials, in the lawyer's bag, on sparkling belles at the royal ball, in the dens of low dealers and thieves. In fact, if some just power were to-night to take all the P. D. casks in this great shop we call the world, and stave them in, scattering the deceitful contents to the winds, there would be such a confusion to-morrow morning that the whole shop would have to be re-arranged.

Your business, just now, is to search out P. D. under your own roof, and be sure you do not let it pass the night there. Out with it, a curse is in it. Stave the cask in pieces. Scatter the cheat to the night winds. Let the eye of heaven which is looking down behold its dispersion. Then go and crave pardon for all the acts in the past wherein you have touched, tasted, or handled the unclean thing. Do not mock the Almighty by asking pardon for the sin of to-day, when you are holding the same sin in your right hand for repetition to-morrow. Pardon for the past is freely offered; but think not that God will forgive sins you will not forsake. What would you think of a father who would forgive a son for cheating his neighbor when he was continuing to cheat, and who would not immovably refuse his favor unless the cheat were discontinued and as far as possible repaired? And do you imagine that the great holy Father above will own for a child of his any man that tricks, defrauds, or lies? If with a penitent heart you turn from your evil ways, He is merciful to forgive you; but woe to you and woe to all of us were He so cruel a ruler as to be at peace with the unjust. No, no; the righteous God loveth righteousness. As you are guilty you feel it is terrible to believe this. But it shuts the door of hope only on the path of transgression; it leaves the path of repentance open, and into that God manifest in the flesh invites you, with a tender effusion of love and a royal promise of mercy.—*Life of Samuel Budgett.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Casa Wappy.

Among the best of Dr. Moir's pieces was "Casa Wappy"—a peerless outpouring of his muse over the grave of a beloved child. It comes from the innermost heart of the bereaved parent, and to the end of time it will bring tears to the eyes even of those happy few to whom sorrow is yet but a name; to those who mourn the loss of a beloved child, we dare not venture to portray the emotion which the reading of it will be sure to bring. "Casa Wappy" was the name by which his little lisping boy always called himself.

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eyes;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony.
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless as given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven.
So dear to us thou wert; thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, or of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
Till, oh! my heart is like to break;
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms, so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball—
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Mortality among Young Women.

MR. EDITOR:—The subject presented in the following article from the "American Messenger" is one of vital interest, and worthy of earnest attention than it receives. I send you this, hoping it may call forth from some able pen, an extended article or articles on the *causes* and the *remedy* for the prevailing evil. It is a fact, too notorious to need proof, that very few of the young women of the present day have the physical constitution to endure the trials incident to their lot. This seems especially true in the west. Only the other day, a brother in the ministry remarked to me, as we were following the remains of a young mother to the grave: "This is the third young married woman I have buried in my congregation within the last two years. What can be the cause," said he, "of so great mortality among this class? Is it peculiar to this locality, or is it a general thing in the west?" I replied, that I believed it was general—that, in another place, of a thousand inhabitants, I counted no less than six young men, under thirty years of age, who had buried their wives, and this, too, in a very healthy locality. Three of these were ministers of the Gospel. The mortality seems to be greater in proportion, among their wives, than those of any other class. This fact suggested one of the causes. They usually select, as a companion for life, the young lady of a refined and highly cultivated mind. They want and need a companion of this kind, who can sympathize with them in their studies and pursuits, and lead in the benevolent enterprises of the day, the members of their congregations. But they need also, above all other men, a companion able to "endure hardships," such as are met with in a western minister's life. They need a *body*, as well as a *soul*, in a companion—a *sound mind* in a *sound body*. This is the *desideratum*. But how seldom do we find the union!

Must there not be, then, some radical defect in our system of educating young ladies? I mean, by "educating," the whole process, from childhood to womanhood, by which both mind and body are developed. Is it not time that some inquiries were instituted on this subject—facts collected and published, causes inquired into, and remedies sought out and applied?—*Central Ch. Herald.*

From the Western Episcopalian.

Observance of Sunday.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have been a good deal interested and somewhat *amused*, by the controversy which has been going on in your journal, for some time past, under this head. I have my own very clear and decided views upon the points involved. But I am not too old to learn, or too fixed in my preconceived notions to refuse any new light which may be thrown upon the question at issue. Nor am I disposed selfishly to keep to myself whatsoever illumination may have been vouchsafed me on such an important subject.

I live in a diocese which, for unanimity of opinion and uniformity of practice, would be considered by some of our zealous advocates for peace and unity, quite a pattern diocese. I am the only specimen of the miserable, low-church, evangelical clergyman, which is to be found in its bounds. All my brethren call themselves "churchmen," "sound churchmen," and the like, and wish it to be clearly understood that they are pre-eminent for filial loyalty to our Holy Mother. Among these stand two, in these respects considered by some, a head and shoulders taller than the rest. They are known to be high in the confidence of our ecclesiastical head, with whom they are believed to have great influence. It is concerning one of these two prominent, honored and influential brethren, whom I shall here designate as the Rev. Mr. C——, that the following story is told. I had it from the *very best* authority, and it may be relied on as the simple truth. Its bearing on the question which your correspondents have been discussing will be readily seen, and will be apology sufficient for its recital here and now.

The Rev. Dr. B——, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was, at the time of the events now recorded, the agent of the American Bible Society in this region. In prosecuting the work of his agency, he came to B——, at which place the Rev. Mr. C—— was then situated. Dr. B. officiated in the morning for his Methodist brother in charge of that station, and gave notice for a Bible meeting to be held, I think, that night. In the afternoon he proceeded to the vestry room of Mr. C.'s church, a little while before service, to ask him to give notice of the same meeting. The two gentlemen had been acquaintances and friends in former times, and their intercourse on this occasion was friendly and cordial. In the course of the conversation, Mr. C. observed, "I wish you were Episcopally ordained. I should be glad to get you to officiate for me this afternoon."

"I should be very glad to help you," was the courteous reply, "if the thing were possible."

"It would be very acceptable," returned Mr. C., "for I have had a long service and am quite fatigued."

"In that case," returned Dr. B., "I *regret* that I cannot help you."

"But *cannot* you *preach* for me?" asked Mr. C.

"I *can* preach, so far as physical ability goes," said Dr. B., "very well; but you cannot permit me to do that."

"Oh," said Mr. C., "there is no difficulty about *that*. I could not invite or permit you to *read the service*, but *preaching* is a very different affair."

"If that be the case, and it would really be a help and accommodation to you," said Dr. B., "I will gladly preach for you. I did not, of course, expect to preach, and have made no preparation. But give me pen and ink, and a bit of paper, and while you go through the service, I will endeavor to get my thoughts together."

The pen, ink and paper were furnished, and Dr. B. left alone in the vestry, while the service was conducted by Mr. C. The prayers were concluded, the psalm given out, and Mr. C. returned to the vestry.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I suppose," said Mr. C., suggestively, "you would not like to preach in a gown and bands."

"Oh, yes," said the good Methodist, "I don't mind the costume. I would preach in any garb, or in my shirt sleeves, if I thought I could thereby gain greater acceptance for the gospel."

So the gown and bands were brought forth, and the Methodist preacher, robed in them, ascended the pulpit of the "good churchman," C., and *preached his sermon* to a congregation of true churchmen."

That is the story. It is substantially true. Its worth as a matter of authority in determining the meaning and the *obligation* of the 30th Canon of 1832, must be settled by the learned in such matters. I shall make no comment upon it.

After having thus, to the best of my ability, thrown light on this question, will you let me ask for information on two points which have much puzzled me:

What must be said of an ordination to the priesthood, at which there was but *one* presbyter present and officiating with the Bishop?

What must be thought of a clergyman who, in order to keep up daily prayers in a city church, actually reads the appointed service, when there is no one present in the church but himself?

Instances of both these have occurred within my knowledge, and not very long since; the actors in which were of that class of churchmen who claim pre-eminence.

Earnest Delivery.

A young man in New England has pursued a regular course of preparation for the ministry. But he passed through the college and the theological seminary, deeply absorbed in the pursuit of the regular routine studies: and though destined for a public speaker, he had paid little attention to elocution. And thus, at the close of his studies, though possessed of a mind copiously furnished, well disciplined, and wielding an able pen, yet he labored under the great deficiency of an awkward and uninteresting delivery.

Some time after leaving the seminary, he married the daughter of an able and eloquent clergyman, in one of our eastern cities.

On a certain occasion, his father-in-law invited him to occupy his pulpit a part of the Sabbath. He accepted the invitation; but, though his father-in-law was delighted with the great excellences of his discourse, the congregation soon grew dull and listless, and seemed glad when the preacher had done. The senior clergyman saw, and sundry hints from the hearers convinced him, that his son-in-law had made a perfect failure. He solicited of the young man a loan of his sermon, and several weeks afterwards delivered it, with all its elocutionary excellences, to the same congregation. They did not recognize it, and they listened with the highest interest and gratification. They pronounced it one of the best sermons their pastor had ever preached.

Effects of Education on the Robin.

The most remarkable instance I ever remember to have met with of a young pupil not only imitating, but far surpassing his tutor, was about nine years ago, in Jermyn street, Haymarket. At that period I resided in the undisturbed enjoyment of a large aviary, numbering no fewer than three hundred and sixty-six inhabitants, all first-rate songsters; and my fame as an amateur had spread widely. Among the multitude of my visitors was a gentleman who informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I gave him an address, and met at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house referred to, and on presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two cages—nightingale cages—suspended on the wall. The one, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; the other had a green curtain drawn over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course, I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain before alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from his master, broke out in a succession of strains that I never heard surpassed by any nightingale. They were indeed surprisingly eloquent. "What a nightingale!" ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect abandon to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him caused me to involuntarily exclaim, with Coleridge:

"That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me.

And so it did. I stood riveted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual, I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was gran